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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

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AUGUST 1918

Poetry — W. B. Yeats, Gertrude Bone, Albert Buhrer, R. Watson Kerr

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS PRIZE ESSAY — H. N. Brailsford

Soldier-Poets (iii) — T. Sturge Moore

Bliss — Katherine Mansfield

The Modern State, Internationalism, and War — E. Belfort Bax

A Recollection of President Wilson — Edith G. Reid

The All-Highest — Edward Garnett

McCudden, the Airman V.C. — Mrs. Alec-Tweedie

The Tragedy of Ireland — Merlin

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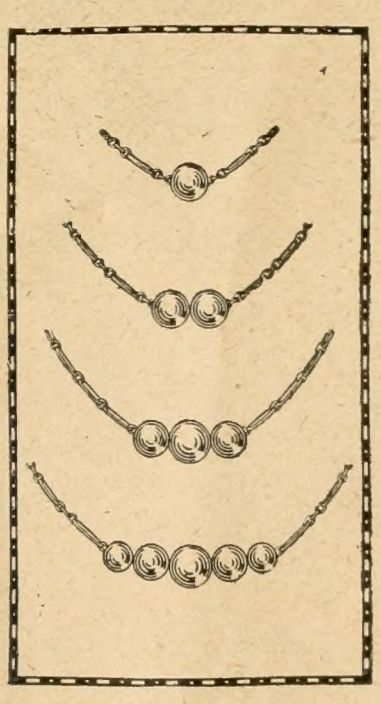
The Wonders of the Deep

¶ THERE is nothing more beautiful than Nature's gifts, and for countless generations nothing has equalled the beauty of the pearl, which comes straight from its ocean bed ready to be made up into the necklace which is coveted by all appreciative women. The pearl is the finished product itself—it needs no polishing or shaping like the diamond and other precious stones. It is a wonder of the deep secured for us in all its translucent beauty which has an irresistible appeal. All who love pearls should visit the showrooms of The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., at 112, Regent Street, and feast their eyes on the magnificent collection of pearls in the showcases. Here one sees necklaces of rare beauty and colour—for the skill of the jeweller lies in the perfect matching in colour and size of these gems of the ocean. A fortune is represented in these pearls, and fortunate indeed are those who have money enough to invest in them. But I want to tell of a novel and charming idea which has been started by this famous firm, perhaps inspired by the great Red Cross Pearl Necklace Scheme.



Our illustration clearly shows what the idea is—to string a single pearl, or two or three together, on a chain of finest platinum, so that whenever a birthday or any other gift occasion arises a pearl can be added, until in time a pearl necklace of value and beauty shall be completed. This is a new idea for the christening gift from mother or godmother, and if the infant is born under a lucky star she may be the possessor of a wonderful necklace by the time of her marriage. But, apart from the accumulation of pearls, there is great charm in the single gem on the platinum chain, and if it remain alone in its glory it will always be a joy to possess.

Thrilling Episodes such as this

would be lost to the World were it not for the ever-ready Waterman's Ideal, which, while the incident is yet fresh in the memory, commits it to paper for the benefit of those at home.

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"For 2,000 Years"

This is the title of a small handbook which has recently been published giving particulars about the Hot Springs of Bath and some information about the various methods of treatment administered at the Baths of Bath.

For 2,000 years the Bath Waters have been restoring heal h and strength to the sick and suffering. But never in its long history has Bath done more valuable work than during the period of the War.

Wounded and invalided soldiers have derived wonderful benefit from the treatments, freely given by the Corporation to all ranks sent to Bath by the military authorities. This has in no way interfered with the treatment of civilian patients, and the special baths and douches which help to restore nerves worn or shattered by worry and anxiety are now proving particularly useful.

During the Summer Season Bath is particularly enjoyable, and the Cure can be taken with the greatest comfort and benefit.

Bright, cheerful, restful surroundings and good music help the invalid to regain health and provide for the pleasure and entertainment of those who come to Bath only for rest and change.

To many visitors the architectural beauty and historical associations of the city appeal very strongly, while others are attracted by the delightful walks and excursions all around.

The new Booklet, "For 2,000 Years," list of Hotels and Apartments, and all information from JOHN HATTON, Director of Baths, BATH.

New Light on Nerve-Nutrition.

¶ Now that most people are working their brains and nerves more strenuously than ever it is specially desirable that up-to-date information should be widespread concerning the essentials of nerve-nutrition. Physiological research has been advancing with each decade, but very few men and women know anything of the practical results. The Sanum E. Institute, 59, Edgware Road, Hyde Park, W.2, have issued a booklet entitled "How to Rebuild Shattered Nerves and Maintain Brain Stamina," which sets out in clear, non-technical language some of the more vital points in the increasingly acute problem of nervous endurance and restoration. The booklet calls attention principally to the fundamental importance of the "tissue-salts"—or organic minerals—in the maintenance of physical well-being. It is shown that we need not so much feeding up with concentrated protein-substances (which has been so much in vogue), but rather an adequate supply of the organic salts. These same substances in an isolated chemical condition are of little or no use. They need to be in organic combination, as in "Neuron." A presentation copy of this instructive booklet may be obtained from the above-mentioned address if THE ENGLISH REVIEW is mentioned.

The First Good

¶ Life is a strenuous business at the best of times, and life without health is certainly not worth living. The poet Herrick said: "Health was the first good lent to men." But we live at such a pace to-day that every care should be taken of this first and greatest loan to employ it to the best advantage. The use of "Bynogen" is eminently calculated to effect this purpose. It contains a suitable proportion of a specially prepared extract in a soluble form, which is obtained from selected wholemeal and malt, with milk protein and organic phosphates. "Bynogen" is a nerve food with a specially agreeable flavour, and is a food adjunct that induces healthy sleep. Everyone who is run down or nerve-strained should try "Bynogen," made by Messrs. Allen and Hanburys, Ltd., Lombard Street, E.C.3, and is obtainable from 1*s.* 9*d.* from all chemists.

The Loss of 100 Huts

¶ Few people realise what a grievous loss one hundred huts and recreation centres mean to the Church Army, and how urgent it is to replace these huts, which were engulfed in the great enemy attack. They must be replaced, and towards that end everyone is urged to help. The huts are an absolute necessity for giving comfort and cheer to the men immediately before and after fighting—these men who are standing between England and deadly peril, and to whom we have need to be grateful every hour of our lives. Huts cost £500, Tents £300, fully equipped, and it is not difficult to raise the necessary money to replace the lost hundred with a little work and enthusiasm. Large sums are raised for

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A few drops of Tatcho occasionally and vigorous brushing—and you will be able to say with Mr. Geo. R. Sims—

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Throughout the War

and in all parts of the world Benger's Food has been in constant use in Military, Red Cross and private hospitals.

Benger's Food "stands by" in the crisis of illness at all ages. It is most highly nutritive and easily digested.

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PLEASE CONTRIBUTE TO THE

War Fund of the Church Army

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1916),

which supports the following branches of war activity, among others :

- **700** (formerly **800, 100** lost in recent fighting) Recreation Huts, Tents and Centres for Men of H.M. Services at home (including a number at northern naval bases), France (including about **100** still under shell fire), Italy, Malta, Egypt, Palestine, Macedonia, East Africa, Mesopotamia and India.
- Kitchen Cars on West Front (several recently destroyed by enemy).
- Hostels (Buckingham Palace Hotel and others) for Men on leave in London.
- Farm Training for Discharged Men.
- Social Club in London.
- Hostels for Discharged Men while learning trades.
- Convalescent Home for Wounded, and Hostel for Limbless Men while being refitted.
- Friends and Treats for Men in hospital far from home.
- Rest Huts and Hostels for Girl Munitioners.
- Hostels and Recreation Rooms for Wives of Service Men, &c., &c.

YOUR ASSISTANCE is earnestly asked towards the necessarily LARGE OUTLAY.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W. 1.

War Charities every day. The work of the Church Army is more than a War Charity—it is a war necessity—and a war duty which should be shared by all. Apart from the lost one hundred there are still seven hundred Recreation Huts, Tents, and Centres at home and at the various fighting fronts—including about one hundred in France still under shell fire. Prebendary Carlisle, D.D., is the life and soul of the Church Army, and all cheques, crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army," should be made payable to him, Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1.

The Pen for the Trenches

¶ In everything to-day our soldiers come first. They stand between us and disaster; they suffer hardship uncomplainingly, and because of them we are kept in safety and comfort. When a gift season comes round our first thoughts go to the men at the front—indeed, as far as the soldiers and sailors are concerned, every season is a gift season, or ought to be. Parcels from home are great things to the men everywhere, and if a parcel from home contains by chance a " Swan " Fountpen, it has a value which cannot be over-estimated. Letters are the only solace to the people at home, and the men at the front employ most of their spare time in keeping themselves linked up by letter with those they love. There is no better medium than the famous " Swan " to meet all the writing demands on both sides. It is as popular with the W.A.A.C.s and the W.R.E.N.s as it is with the men of both Services, and, moreover, it is still obtainable at pre-war prices—the safety pattern from 12*s.* 6*d.* and the standard pattern from half a guinea.

"Tatcho"

¶ Everybody in middle life has been struck by the fact that to-day the physiological changes of advancing maturity are far less apparent than they were a generation ago—stoutness, inactivity, and other indices have almost disappeared, and, what was perhaps the most common form of physical deterioration, baldness, is becoming more and more rare. The reason for all this is undoubtedly improved hygiene, plus the careful investigation of causation, and the discovery of efficient remedies. Amongst the latter " Tatcho " holds high place, it is, in fact, one of the few new words of power; generally recognised in the bright lexicon of middle age, and the fact that a personality so gifted and astute as Mr. George R. Sims, with his unique position amongst his contemporaries, is the guarantor of "Tatcho's " genuine and remarkable powers of renewing the growth of hair, and giving nature a fresh start, is enough to commend this well-established compound to our serious attention. Thanks to a competent business organisation, the prescription has been placed at the disposal of the public upon extremely easy terms; it can be found wherever civilisation penetrates, ready to hand, and many thousand men and women bear silent but constant testimony to its beneficial efficiency, but if spoken and written gratitude is sought for by the sceptical this is also to be found a thousandfold.

You can have a "Swan" that will suit you better than any other pen you are using

"Swan" Fountpens are distinguished for simplicity, strength, and entire freedom from complicated or wearing parts. The pens are accurately made, and the parts fit to a nicety. Balance and form have been studied to give comfort in writing with large ink capacity

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Mild but satisfying fragrance —pleasant sweetness that endures to the last—delicious coolness which is exceedingly grateful to the sensitive palate . . . .

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In times of food scarcity it is the more necessary that what is eaten should be completely digested and thoroughly assimilated.

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'Bynogen' Trade Mark
Brings Health

Sold by all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- & 9/-

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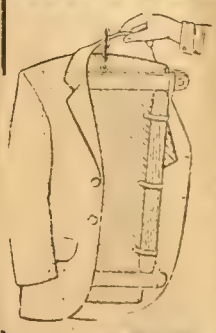

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THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND NASAL CATARRH

The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment

Articles are frequently appearing in the newspapers and magazines, written by persons who, whilst they deplore the serious loss the United Kingdom sustains annually through the ravages of consumption, hold out no hope of a cure being found. What these people write regarding tuberculosis naturally tends to have a very depressing effect on consumptives who are unfortunate enough to read pessimistic statements. We hasten to say that the belief in the impossibility to cure phthisis is absolutely without foundation, and the sooner the established fact that consumption *can* be cured is everywhere appreciated the better it will be for the masses.

It is not due to the much-vaunted open-air measures that we are enabled to state that victims of consumption can be restored to health and strength, but to the specific treatment for phthisis and allied complaints promulgated by Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, which undoubtedly offers the best possible chance of cure. It has been put to the severest tests, and its success has been phenomenal, especially in view of the fact that so many of the patients cured have not commenced the treatment until the eleventh hour, after their cases had been given up as hopeless in other quarters.

As we have before mentioned, any reader who happens to be personally interested in the vitally important question of the cure of consumption should acquaint himself with the *modus operandi* of the Alabone method of treatment. It would certainly be worth his while to do so.

Thousands of people have been cured by this treatment, very many of whom have written telling of the benefit they have received.

The following letter is of interest:—

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"The Dr. E. W. Alabone Treatment.

"Dear Sir,—I feel compelled to state briefly my firm belief in your treatment of Phthisis.

"I have just concluded a six months' course of treatment, and I have endeavoured to comply with your instructions kindly given me from time to time. I believe at the time I took up your treatment the disease had not gone very far, but from that time I steadily put on weight and my general condition gradually improved, and I am very pleased, and indeed thankful, to inform you that after being tested in many ways during the last three months, I am now pronounced cured. I have to thank you for the very business-like and courteous manner in which you have dealt with my case, including the prompt despatch of medicines and replies to inquiries I have made during my course. I should have no hesitation whatever in earnestly recommending the Alabone Treatment to anyone suffering from the disease.—I am, dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

"A. C. H."

This case, previous to adopting the Treatment, had been in a sanatorium, and had tried Tuberculin Injections.

"Worcester.

"The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment.

"Dear Sirs,—I was yesterday examined by my doctor, who was very pleased with the result of the examination. He said that he could not find any trace of active disease, and that, in his opinion, I could now discontinue the Alabone Treatment.

"I should now like to put on record my appreciation of the benefits I have received from your Treatment. I am sure it has been the means of restoring me to a state of good health and strength again. You may be sure that I shall recommend the Treatment to anyone suffering from Consumption with whom I may come in contact.—I remain, yours very sincerely,

"W. S."

The most complete information on this important question will be gladly supplied on application to the Secretary, The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment, Lynton House, 12 Highbury Quadrant, London, N.5.

Of course, we need hardly point out that what has now come to be known as "The Alabone Treatment" for Consumption and Asthma is not a success in every instance; naturally some do not recover; nevertheless, the claim is perfectly justified that in the great majority of cases it is possible to effect genuine and lasting cures, even where the disease is far advanced.

One cannot do better than advise any reader to obtain a copy of Dr. Alabone's important book, "The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other Diseases of the Chest," now in its 49th edition, 174th thousand, which will be forwarded for 2s. 6d., post free, from Lynton House, 12 Highbury Quadrant, London, N.5.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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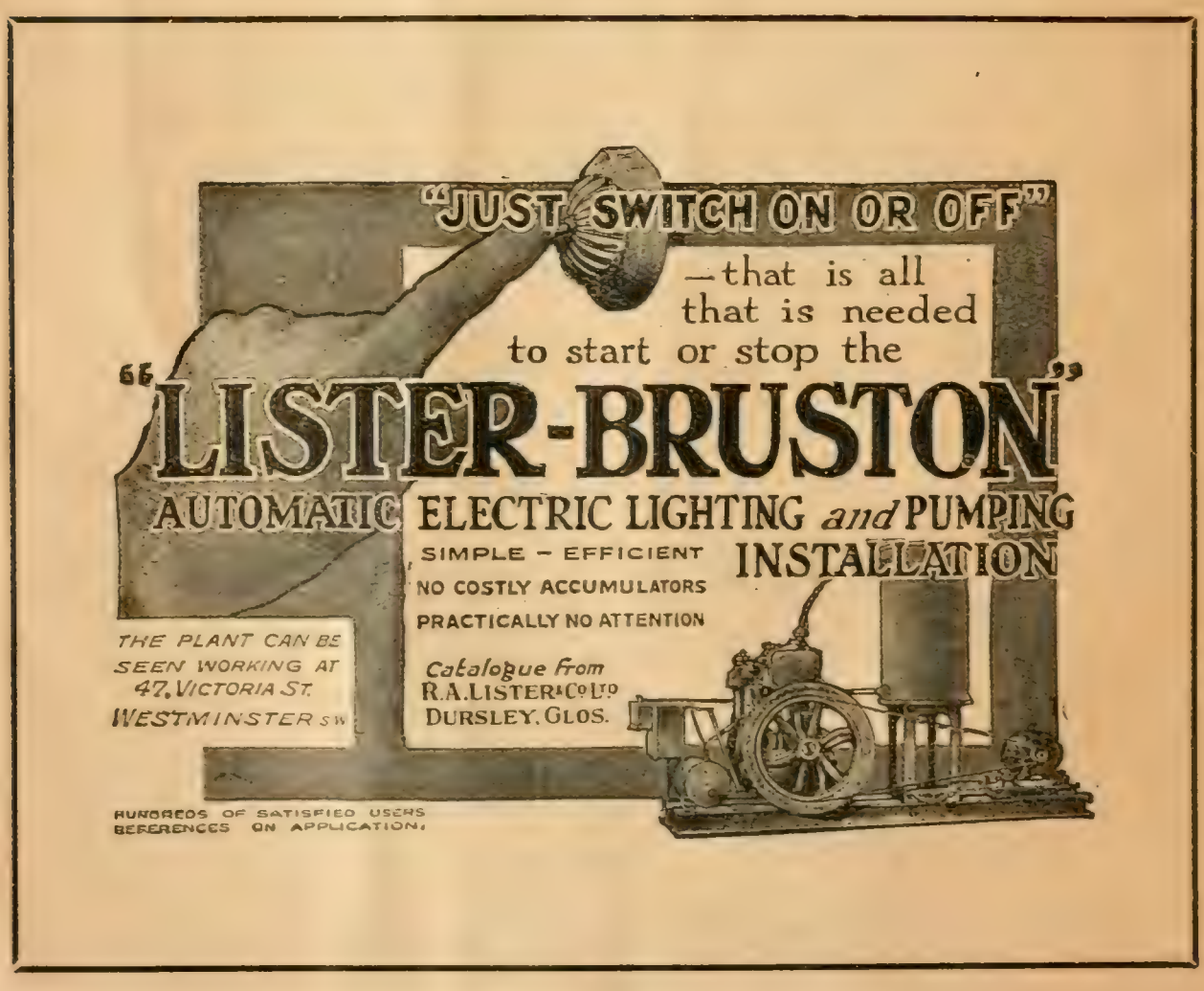
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—that is all that is needed to start or stop the
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AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC LIGHTING and PUMPING INSTALLATION
SIMPLE – EFFICIENT
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This picture, "Miss America Advances—She Celebrates The Arrival of The Wilson Boys, printed in colours on art paper 15 ins. by 10 ins., will be sent free to any smoker forwarding to address below a "De Reszke" box lid and 4d. in stamps, mentioning Picture No. 59.

Miss America Advances — *Episode VIII* — *She Celebrates The Arrival of The Wilson Boys*

"Here's to Old Glory, Miss America—and to the Huskies who are fighting under it in France."
"Thank you, dear boys. We've come right into the game with you now, haven't we? Fritz will learn a thing or two when he comes up against 'Uncle Sam's Best.*'"*

Endorsed by the Public

IN the production of the "De Reszke" *American* Cigarettes, the finest cigarette tobaccos are blended to the formula of the world's finest blender. The result is a cigarette so perfect that leading men and women of to-day are unanimous in describing it as "The world's best blend."

The following opinions are a few of those received; many others may be seen in other "De Reszke" advertisements:—

From the Author of "The Boy":
"I am inclined to think that the 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarette is the best Virginia cigarette I have ever smoked. Please let me have one thousand." SIR ARTHUR PINERO.

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"I have tried the 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes and find them excellent. I have many friends who smoke cigarettes, and I will certainly recommend yours." SIR CHARLES SANTLEY.

From the Hero of "Marmaduke":
"Although I do not smoke Virginia tobacco, your 'De Reszke' *American* Cigarettes are very much appreciated by my friends." DENNIS EADIE.

Miss America Advances

VIII

Herald of the Great Advance—
Here's a free spontaneous toast
To the millions now in France
From Columbia's farthest coast;
Brothers of our blood and breed,
All within the lines to-day,
Come to help us in our need,
Come to fight for Freedom's day.

Down by 'Frisco's Golden Horn,
From the far Alaskan snows,
Comes the call at break of morn:
"Freemen, rise 'gainst Freedom's foes!"
Toast we then in Nectar sweet—
Sure, the glass holds no regrets—
And to make the toast complete,
Smoke "De Reszke" Cigarettes.

J. T. W.

¶ *See the personal guarantee of Mr. J. Millhoff, the doyen of all blenders, enclosed in every box of "De Reszke"* American *Cigarettes.*

25 for 2/-

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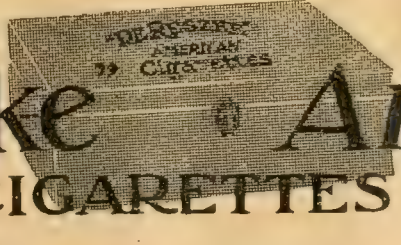

"De Reszke" *American* CIGARETTES

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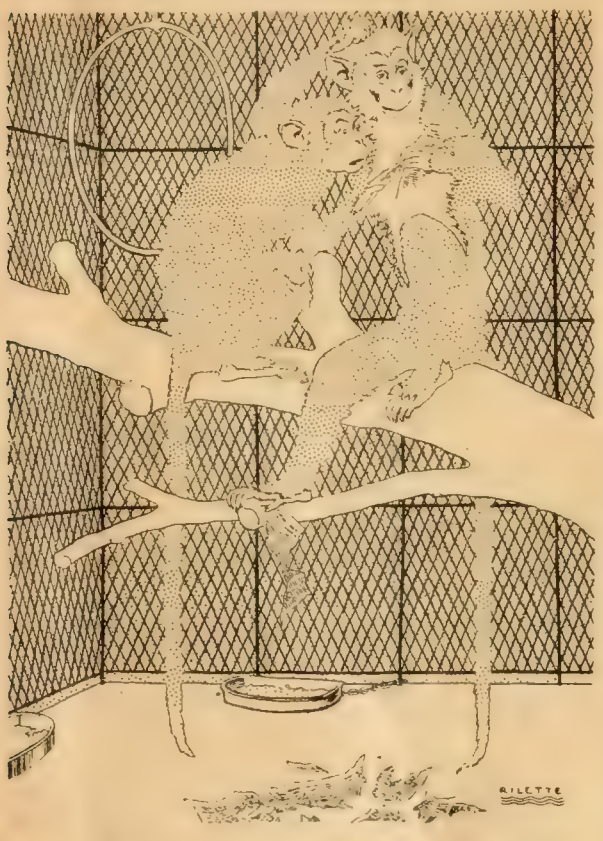
MRS. HANUMAN'S INDISCRETION.

A Fable.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

(The present ridiculous state of the law of libel must serve as an apology for the introduction of Bibical nomenclature.)



"Were We to Blame?"

One of the saddest features of the war is the horrified remorse and shame of the intellectuals amongst the monkeys.

In thoughtful simian circles it is recognised that something went gravely wrong somewhere in the process of evolution, and all sorts of reasons have been adduced, the most widely accepted being the notorious flightiness—and worse—of the First Monkey's spouse.

Thus even again we have the sad spectacle of the indiscretions of the mothers being visited on the billionth generation.

Eugenics is—or are—a wonderful study.

IT was in an evil moment for his peace of mind that Huppah, the Oldest Monkey in the Cage, slyly abstracted a piece of newspaper from a passing small boy.

It was for its possible contents that the old gentleman annexed the sheet, he had no itch for news.

But contents there were none, and finding time hang upon his hands he commenced to read the paper with that easy-going tolerant contempt for the degenerate human which is so marked among the Monkey-World Intellectuals.

"Pho!" he remarked scornfully, "a nice mess our descendants have got themselves into! 'Grave Wool Shortage!' 'Black Outlook for the Future!' 'Possibility of No Clothes!' Serve them right, the bare, smooth-skin rascals. Precious ugly some of them will look, to be sure." And he giggled to himself. "A nice sight that fat, bald-headed old human who tried to prod me with his stick this morning will make, with not a stitch or a hair to cover him, and not a spark of humour to warm him! 'No wool!'; well, that doesn't affect us of the pure breed stock;" and he stroked his fur complacently.

Idly he commenced to tear the sheet into scraps of paper, and amused himself by watching them flutter to the floor of the Cage.

"'Meat Shortage.' Bah! 'Further Reduction of Spirits.' Pooh! 'March Scarcity.' Pish! 'Possible Coal Famine.' Tush! Civilisation? Gosh! . . . Paradise Lost!! Whatever *are* the idiots on the other side of the Cage doing?"

An item caught his eye that made him pause. "'Fight to the Last Man!'" he muttered, and became suddenly thoughtful. A worried look stole into his eyes and he called his aged wife, Jochebed, to his side.

"The Last Man," she repeated in amazement, when he had read the passage to her. "Huppah, what does it mean to *us?*"

"By the bones of Hanuman, Father of All the Monkeys," he growled, "it looks as though we shall have to begin all over again"—she gave a little squeak of flattered alarm—"but," he went on grimly, "let us at least take care the New Darwinian product is more intelligent than the last."

"But were we really to blame?"

"We were careless, my dear," he replied with immense decision.

"I have always thought Mrs. Hanuman rather flighty," she murmured, woman like.

"Something more than flighty, I fear, judging by results," corrected the old gentleman. "Poor Hanuman, he had his hands full. I always pitied him—almost as much as I pitied the Tertium Quid. She led them both a pretty dance!"

Mrs. Jochebed turned savagely on her spouse.

"That's right," she snapped acidly, "blame the female, *of course!*"

Huppah scratched his head, and then raised his voice imperiously. "In any case," he commanded, "*should* it be necessary to start all over again, see to it that the laws of simian eugenics are properly respected. Make it your sole aim to avoid the evolution of a degenerate race liable to fits of Armageddon."

And Jochebed, his wife, became right thoughtful.

* * * * * * *

Leaving the subject of Mrs. Hanuman's infidelity and its tragic consequences, if we fight to the last yarn of wool Pope & Bradley will of necessity be compelled to supply hair-producers. Meanwhile the wool shortage will grow less acute with the man shortage. Getting on with the war, the following prices are unghoulish. Lounge Suits from £7 7s.; Dinner Suits from £10 10s.; Service Jackets from £5 15s. 6d.; Riding Breeches from £4 4s. 14, Old Bond Street, W.1.

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

AUGUST, 1918

In Memory of Robert Gregory

By W. B. Yeats

(Major Robert Gregory, R.F.C., M.C,, Legion of Honour, was killed in actio on the Italian Front, January 23, 1918.)

Now that we're almost settled in our house
I'll name the friends that cannot sup with us
Beside a fire of turf in th' ancient tower,
And having talked to some late hour,
Climb up the narrow winding stair to bed;
Discoverers of forgotten truth
Or mere companions of my youth,
All, all are in my thoughts to-night, being dead.

Always we'd have the new friend meet the old,
And we are hurt if either friend seem cold,
And there is salt to lengthen out the smart
In the affections of our heart,
And quarrels are blown up upon that head;
But not a friend that I would bring
This night can set us quarrelling,
For all that come into my mind are dead.

Lionel Johnson comes the first to mind,
That loved his learning better than mankind,
Though courteous to the worst; much falling he
Brooded upon sanctity
Till all his Greek and Latin learning seemed
A long blast upon the horn that brought
A little nearer to his thought
A measureless consummation that he dreamed.

And that enquiring man John Synge comes next,
That, dying, chose the living world for text,
And never could have rested in the tomb
But that, long travelling, he had come
Towards nightfall upon certain set apart
In a most desolate stony place,
Towards nightfall upon a place
Passionate and simple like his heart.

And then I think of old George Pollexfen,
Well known for horsemanship to Connacht men
In muscular youth, at meets or at racecourses,
That could have shown how pure-bred horses
And solid men, for all their passion, live
But as the outrageous stars incline
By opposition square and trine,
Having grown sluggish and contemplative.

They were my close companions many a year,
A portion of my mind and life as it were,
And now their breathless faces seem to look
Out of some old picture book;
I am accustomed to their lack of breath,
But not that my dear friend's dear son,
Our Sidney and our perfect man,
Could share in that discourtesy of death.

For all things the delighted eye now sees
Were loved by him; the old storm-broken trees
That cast their shadows upon road and bridge;
The tower set by the stream's edge;
The ford where drinking cattle make a stir
Nightly, and startled by that sound
The waterhen must change her ground;
He might have been your heartiest welcomer.

When with the Galway foxhounds he would ride
From Castle Taylor to the Roxborough side
And Eserkelly plains, few kept his pace;
At Moneen he had leaped a place
So perilous that half the astonished meet
Had shut their eyes; and where was it
He rode a race without a bit;
And yet his mind outran the horses' feet.

We dreamed that a great painter had been born
To cold Clare rock and Galway rock and thorn,
To that stern colour and that delicate line
That are our secret discipline
Wherein the gazing heart doubles her might;
Soldier, scholar, horseman he,
And yet he had the intensity
To have published all to be a world's delight.

What other could so well have counselled us
In all lovely intricacies of a house
As he that practised or that understood
All work in metal or in wood,
In moulded plaster or in carven stone;
Soldier, scholar, horseman he,
And all he did done perfectly,
As though he had but that one trade alone.

Some burn damp fagots, others may consume
All the combustible world in one small room
As though dried straw, and if we turn about
The bare chimney is gone black out
Because the work had finished in that flare;
Soldier, scholar, horseman he,
As 'twere all life's epitome;
What made us dream that he could comb grey hair?

I had thought, seeing how bitter is that wind
That shakes the shutter, to have brought to mind
All those that manhood tried, or childhood loved,
Or boyish intellect approved,
With some appropriate commentary on each,
Until imagination brought
A fitter welcome; but a thought
Of that late death took all my heart for speech.

Meadowsweet

By Gertrude Bone

The narrow hills turned all the light aside
And sent a radiant river through the lane;
Imprisoned in the standing hay, a wind
Rustled like rain.

Afoot for flight, the orchis with green wings,
And bryony with every leaf a shield,
Told of midsummer, as the thunder low
Of bees in the clover-field.

And one walked by me with unyielding eyes,
Remembering ever what he would forget.
The beating of the guns that tale by tale
Counted out death.

I led him to a way of deeper peace
And quiet fold of a lit beechen steep,
Where at their heart the trees an echo hid
Of water falling deep.

Heavy with fulness of summertime,
The opulent fragrance of the meadowsweet
Stirred the warm stillness, as of one who rose
Our coming on to meet.

Sudden he stopped as one who might not leave
Behind him something that in silence sat.
Then turned with patience back. "Upon the Somme
Death smells like that.

"The battle dropt me in a wrecked pleasaunce
Of bleeding vines and roses drooping red;
Pain-held I lay, afar my eyes could reap
The harvest of the dead.

"There where the sunny boon of corn should be,
Cloying and sweet, all reeling to the brain,
Smell of mortality, floated that scent
Like meadowsweet in rain."

"Oh bitter ever be the meadowsweet!"
I cried in horror of that mouth of pain.
"Is it not here," he said, "your gentry set
A Calvary in the lane?

"Type of all sacrifice? Have done," he said,
"The wound's long stanched of Immortality:
But this red-brimming flood of mortal loss
Floweth most bitterly.

"For me, I see the living generous Christ
Come from the rood and walk with healèd feet.
'Here is my agony where my companions die,
Shrine me the meadowsweet.'"

Love's Fear

By Albert Buhrer

When I do think of moments that are waste
In hostile anguish and unholy doubt,
When life's clear spring is stagnant as from drought
And Love's distil is bitter to the taste:
When in tempest of destructive haste,
Sweet worlds of precious thought are put to rout,
The lamps of Truth and Virtue flicker out,
And all the mind is tenebrous, unchaste:

Then would I fly to thee, like stricken deer,
Inevitably doomed—with laboured breath,
Hunted by those twin-hunters Fate and Death,
Incessant baying at my senseless ear;
For some rich voice above the tumult saith,
Hide thou within Love's bosom from thy fear.

June, 1918

By R. Watson Kerr

June! the joyous, sun-filled month of June
When roses, emblems of a heaven, croon
Strange melodies in garden and in hedge
With blithesome birds that sing in emerald edge
Of English lanes; and thousand other flow'rs
As sweet drench incense on the air in show'rs—
Intoxicating wine that gives fair dreams
Of palaces in Paradise, and streams
Of visions far surpassing Kubla Khan!
When cool sweet winds blow from the woods to fan
Two lovers lying kissing in the grass
Where sun-lit waters glimpse and, laughing, pass!

June! a writhing, war-gorged month of hell;
When steel and iron and high explosive yell
Cursed cacophonies in blasted plains,
With singeing bullets singing in the lanes
Of ripped France; and poisonous vapours drench
With death the air and earth—pocked with trench
And gaping scar—so he who breathes them in
Gulps strangling hands that clutch and tear at him
And vision sees of no cool Kubla Khan;
When rancid gusts from charnel tree-stumps fan
Two soldiers, clutching, kissing in the grass,
Whose souls leak out in spurting red and pass!

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

PRIZE ESSAY

Foundations of Internationalism

By H. N. Brailsford

To inquire amid universal war whether a League of Nations be possible, may be to challenge experience and tilt against fact. At a first glance it may seem that we must begin our ascent to an international ideal on the lowest rung of the ladder of hope. If the inhabitants of Sirius and Saturn, who looked at our planet in Voltaire's *Micromégas*, were again to take up their microscopes, they would discover little novelty in our occupations. They would still see "a hundred thousand madmen of our species" engaged in massacring another hundred thousand, and learn that certain "sedentary barbarians" gave orders for these exercises, in the interval between digesting their dinner and praising God. They need revise this summary view of our "ant-heap" only by substituting millions for thousands. It would be their trite conclusion that man is still a wolf to man. We who are in the "ant-heap" can discern, however, another truth about this process. War is an operation of the social instinct. If tragedy is the conflict of two rights, war is the shock of two social organisms. It is the ultimate expression of the solidarity which knits a social unit. Of the social units which we call national States it is broadly true that war is possible between them, but not within them. That elementary fact must be our clue in any investigation of the problem of a durable peace. If, by the creation of a League of Nations, we mean merely that the external bond of a treaty of arbitration is to link States, which retain their old individualism and their traditions of nationalist morals and nationalist economics, it would be folly to suppose that we can abolish war. Theoretically, the only security seems to lie in some organic international association, which, by the creation of intimate and pervasive relationships of interdependence within itself, is at least in process of evolution towards the ideal of international solidarity.

There is certainly no warrant in history for the assumption that the national State, or even the composite Empire, is the final form of the social unit, which alone can claim our loyalty and subordinate our egoistic strivings. From the clan to the Empire the social unit has passed through many phases of evolution and expansion. To this process the social instinct of the citizens has adapted itself with surprising versatility. In the nineteenth century war was still possible between the States of disunited Germany and Italy. To-day the sons of fathers who knew neither Germany nor Italy fight for the larger national unit with the instinctive passion of clansmen. An academic demonstration that the social unit is elastic and the social instinct adaptable will not carry us far towards our goal. The dominating fact of our generation in world-politics has been the formation of a new type of association, much larger, though much looser in its structure, than anything that endured in the past. The modern alliance is incomparably more intimate than the dynastic groupings and the military coalitions of the past, and promises to be more permanent. The two groups which divided Europe on the eve of this war had formed the habit of concerted action even in the normal operations of peace. Austria was Germany's "brilliant second" in every diplomatic exchange, and France expected, without always receiving, a like support from Russia. When the Dual Alliance became the Triple Entente, British finance fell into line and shared with France the risks of maintaining the financial stability of Tsardom. The fact that in the precarious balance of pre-war Europe the safety of each Power might depend on the prosperity, the solvency, and the efficient armament of its allies had begun to blur, though not to obliterate, the dividing lines of national egoism and separatism. The war has in both camps carried this evolution immeasurably further. There is a common purse while the war lasts; there is even in our combination a common larder. The rationing among the Allies of essential food supplies and raw materials implies a community of interest that is, even in war, a new fact in international life. Pitt's subsidies were only a shadowy anticipation of this system. It is already recognised that much of this common machinery must outlast the war.

These are political phenomena, but they must assuredly have a large reaction upon economics. On the whole, it was broadly true before this war that financiers acted by preference or necessity in national groups. There were, however,

interesting anticipatory types which seemed to point to the coming internationalisation of some of the more highly organised forms of production. An international agreement in the steel trade parcelled out to each of the chief national industries the world-market in steel rails. It needs no elaborate argument to show that the rationing of raw materials after the war by the Allies must involve an understanding not merely as to what each Ally requires for its own national consumption, but also an understanding as to the export trade of each in the manufactured articles. Within each group of Allies commercial rivalry must diminish, and co-operation, or even syndication, tend to take its place. However calculating and self-regarding this process may be, it must play its part in breaking down, at least in the upper world of industry and finance, the cruder and more egoistic assumptions of nationalist economics.

What is true of our own combination is even more obviously true of the compacter enemy group. The ideal of "Mitteleuropa" seems now on the point of realisation. Austria and Germany announce that their alliance is to be "deepened and extended." If there is, on the one hand, a closer military union, there is projected on the other a much more intimate economic partnership. Within tariff walls, which will be lowered, if they are not levelled, the enterprising kartels and the pioneer banks will extend their operations until the whole of Central Europe has become a single economic unit. It is no transitory phenomenon of war that we are witnessing. If hate and fear have heated the furnaces that are fusing allies together, this tendency to closer amalgamation is an inevitable consequence of our industrial evolution and of the opening up of communications. War shapes its political form, but it uses tendencies already active in our economic life. In the post-war alliance, as it is sketched in the Paris Resolutions and the plans of "Mitteleuropa," we have a new social unit designed to survive in peace as in war, a structure which gathers within itself not merely the combatant, but also the productive energies of society. The purely national era in history has been transcended.

If the closer organisation as permanent military and economic alliances of these two groups involves within them some development and enlargement of the social consciousness, it also carries with it a challenge and menace to posterity. While these two coalitions survive, every war must needs be a universal war. It wants a hardy optimism to believe that

after a sullen peace the equilibrium between these two supernational groups could long be stable. Each would labour to detach the less contented and the less loyal partners of the rival coalition. An active contest would proceed between them for the allegiance of the remaining neutrals. Every bitter memory, every new suspicion would give to their organised rivalry in trade the passionate colour of a political contest. No promptings of economy could long restrain the inevitable rivalry in armaments. As they strove for the opening of closed markets and for access to raw materials, the will to prosper and live would drive them, as soon as the ravages of this war were repaired, to an even sharper conflict over a more elementary issue. A decorous truce, a bloodless rivalry, is barely conceivable if, at the settlement of this war, two unreconciled coalitions confront each other with a programme of economic war. We shall make either one supernational League or two. It is a choice between war and peace.

There is in human affairs a dialectic by which evil cures itself by its mere excess. National strife has led us to a war of coalitions. Let us inquire whether the dread of its renewal in a still more terrible form can impose upon us the immense achievement of constructing a single League of Peace.

We have seen that the social unit is itself variable and elastic, and there are indications that the social instinct can adapt itself with surprising versatility to the variations of this unit. This argument, though it clears away some preliminary doubts, is far from being decisive. We have still to cope with the direct and positive tendencies which in the past have insisted on the forcible settlement of disputes. The mind of Europe, as we knew it on the eve of this war, was, in the mass, precisely such a complex of thwarted impulses and half-successful inhibitions as Freud and his school have studied in the mental life of the individual. Through the subconscious life of most European nations there ran the recurrent motive of a desire for some organic change, some international readjustment, which was hardly to be attained in the world as we knew it by the normal processes of peace. The French desire for the *revanche* and the lost provinces, the Serbian passion for Jugo-Slav unity, the Bulgarian craving for Macedonia, and Italian Irredentism are the more obvious instances of these restless demands for change. Add to these the romantic passion of the Russian Imperialist for Constantinople, and the sense of the German patriot that the

extension of his Empire overseas, measured relatively by that of Britain or France, was far from corresponding to the vigour of his national organism, its population, or its industrial capacity, and you have accumulated fuel enough even for a world-conflagration. These impulses were restrained from year to year and from decade to decade by prudence, by morals, by the fear of the world's public opinion. The rigid structure of our international life opposed their realisation. Of some of them (notably the Alsatian and South Slav questions) we may say confidently that no radical solution was conceivable without war. Others, and especially the Colonial questions, were capable under favourable conditions of a pacific settlement. Even so, the disputes which turned on our tenure of Egypt, on the French claim to Morocco, on the Anglo-Russian rivalry in the Middle East, on German ambitions in Turkey and Africa (as the Lichnowsky Memorandum shows), were settled only after prolonged periods of tension and some narrow escapes from war. Even in these more fortunate instances the appeal to force was made, though both sides recoiled in the end, after the dry warfare of armaments, from the actual shedding of blood. The impulses to change, which made no formal war, were none the less active. They worked on the play of national motive; they piled up armaments; they forged alliances. Again, and yet again, such an impulse as the French desire for *la revanche*, though it made no war, availed to deflect a nation's policy from the course which might have led to peace. To all these radical impulses towards war the Anglo-Saxon peoples are strangers. We have no unredeemed kinsmen; our estate in the world is ample; we possess all that force might win. The consequence is that we are apt to apply to the problem of an enduring peace a set of conceptions essentially conservative. We aim too exclusively at security. We conceive a League of Peace too simply as an organisation which will stereotype the *status quo* and repress the disturber of the established order. That way lies stagnation and, in the end, the inevitable insurgence of living forces against this death in life. Change is a biological necessity. The damning verdict on the old Europe is not that its suppressed impulses for change flamed at last into a universal war, but rather that its structure was so rigid, its power of self-adjustment so limited, that save through war no radical change was possible within it.

With this preface it is possible to advance to a closer statement of our problem. If the aim of a League of Nations

be to restrain lawless force and to prevent the recurrence of such a conflict as rages to-day, it must furnish an international organisation which can ensure that timely changes shall be effected in the world before any people is driven by an intolerable grievance, or even by a reasonable ambition, to force change by arms. That definition may seem remote to the man whose aspirations are limited to security. Security in every community, however, is purchased only by a constant adaptability. The penalty of rigidity in the State is revolution, as in the world of States it is war. The architect of such a League has a double task before him. He must persuade the satisfied and conservative Powers that their safety depends in the long run on their entry into a combination which must impose some limits on their sovereignty—limits, it is true, of the kind which every permanent Alliance exacts to-day. He must persuade the restless and ambitious Powers that the structure and constitution of the League offer some guarantee that their aspirations, in so far as they can be reconciled with the common good, will be fairly met. He will encounter from both parties an obstinate scepticism.

The Powers which regard the League primarily as an insurance against attack will riddle the defensive basis of its covenant with doubt. That covenant, however it is eventually drafted, must probably provide (1) for the submission of all acute international disputes to the appropriate tribunal, council, or mediator for settlement; (2) for a suspense of all warlike acts, and also of mobilisation, until the supernational authority has published its finding, and for some time thereafter; (3) for the joint action of all the signatory Powers to repress any Government, by economic and, at need, by military coercion, if it should violate this pact. These are tremendous undertakings. The risk is twofold. Some Power may break its covenant, and if it has provided itself with allies the conflict which results will reproduce the present strife with something of the added bitterness of civil war. Again, it is a large assumption that in such a case all the innocent Powers would keep their bond and rally to the defence of the League; and even if in name they did so, they might not furnish their contingents with sufficient generosity or alacrity. There is no final answer to these doubts. No human institution can promise to work with mechanical perfection, and life would lose half its stimuli if all danger were eliminated. The practical answer to this scepticism is, summarily, that on no terms can we avoid these risks, and that any other kind of insurance

reproduces them in a more aggravated form. The man who declares that he will never trust the signature of the Power which violated Belgium to any covenant whatever must be invited to follow two simple lines of thought. In the first place, the Power which has given its bond, even if its repute for faith stands low, has some obstacles to overcome before it can break its word, which would be absent if it were unpledged. With some resistance, however ineffective, and on some reluctance it must reckon among its own population, and on some loss of prestige it must count beyond its frontiers. In the second place, so far from assuming that every Power will spontaneously keep its oath, the League is an elaborate system of insurance against oath-breaking. The Entente's combination was built up on divers motives and calculations, in some cases by painful and difficult bargaining, during three years of war, by the gradual adhesion first of Italy, then of Roumania, and lastly of America. The League will be ready, without these delays and without bargainings, to act unitedly on the single ground that its covenant has been violated.

The sceptic who questions whether all the innocent Powers would fulfil their obligation must face the objection that an Alliance itself offers no absolute security. Two late Allies of Germany have fought against her, and one of ours has quitted our camp. "Treaties," as Lord Salisbury said, "are mortal"; and the only inventions which the wisdom of the past had erected as a security against war have ceased to be even plausible illusions. Alliances give no absolute security. The Balance of Power resembles the flux of Heraclitus. There is only one thing which may always with safety be affirmed of it: it oscillates. Nor should we, if we could carve frontiers, annex naval bases, and dominate straits at our good pleasure, be nearer to absolute safety. Invention laughs at strategical locksmiths. The Power which had secured itself on the face of the waters discovered that its peril lay below them. If that danger could be conjured away we should waken to find that our precautions had forgotten the resources of the air. There is, in short, no substitute for a League of Nations which is immune from risks. This, however, one may say: the Partial Alliance challenges and provokes the danger of war. It makes the risk, because by its constant and costly provision against it, it assumes the probability of war as the central fact of international life. It allows the thinking of mankind to start from the reckoning that war is inevitable, and it is not surprising that the passions

of men proceed to verify the prediction which treaties and armaments steadily proclaim. A League of Nations will start from the contrary assumption. It will proclaim that law is the rule and crime the exception. When that belief is embodied in institutions, the thinking of mankind will adapt itself to the new order.

The objections which will come from the more adventurous Powers, whose interest lies in future change, may be somewhat harder to meet. The League's architect must satisfy them not merely that they will receive fair and considerate treatment in its courts and councils, but also that when an award or recommendation is published there will be a reasonable probability that it will be executed. The standard schemes of the League do not propose to make the enforcement of these awards obligatory on the League. That is probably a wise limitation, but the League would promptly dissolve unless, with or without a formal undertaking, it contrived in clear, and grave, and urgent cases that the decisions of its Courts and Councils should be respected. There is probably little difficulty about justiceable disputes, which can be referred to decision by a court following recognised principles of law. The more speculative and doubtful aspect of the League opens out, when we reflect that the disputes which commonly lead to war, turn on issues neither of fact nor of law, and can be settled only by an application of current standards of policy and morals, which vary from generation to generation, and which no two peoples would define in the same terms. Can a Council of Conciliation be composed which will not merely be free from prejudice and bias, but will command an authority so great that both disputants will bow to it? Let us assume that it will not attempt to impose ideal justice—ideal justice is a moral dynamite which would wreck any human society—but will suggest rather compromise solutions which will ease acute disputes. Even so, it is evident that such a Council can neither be set up, nor trusted, nor obeyed, save upon one general condition: that there is a measure of confidence and good will among all the more influential Powers when the League is created. That condition is at the lowest so difficult that one must beware of overstating it. It need imply no sentimental reconciliation, no evangelical readiness to love one's enemy. It means primarily this: that all the leading Powers should be so convinced of the necessity for a League that they will make concessions to ensure its smooth working. Not sentiment, but the effective

will to make a workable League is the first condition of its creation. Should we make the League, we are realists enough to perceive that it would fail if a Power so considerable as Germany had reason to feel that she met with less than justice within it. Needless to say, the necessity for a like spirit of concession from her would be equally imperative. Without minimising the importance of questions of mechanism in devising the League, it is on the ability to create an atmosphere of confidence that its future depends.

It may be that the effort of conceiving a League based on mutual confidence demands from human nature in time of war an impossible agility of mind. We live in the passionate moment, and propaganda, guiding the spontaneous tribal instinct, has forced the trend of our thoughts into a single channel. Popular oratory seems to assume that Germany is the first Power which ever broke a promise or treaty—if, indeed, she is not the only Power that ever committed aggression. From these emotional premises there follows the natural conclusion that the chief, if not the only, task of a League of Nations will be to mount guard over her in the future. In such a spirit the Allies went to the Congress of Vienna. After nominating themselves policemen over France, they proceeded to sanction their own robberies at the expense of Poles and Italians, and the Congress which met to conclude one war made arrangements which ensured a succession of wars. If this narrowly legal and coercive spirit presides over the creation of the League, it will not better the record of the Holy Alliance. It is doubtful whether the enemy would aspire to join a League conceived on this model, and if he remains outside it it may be a great defensive alliance, but it will not be a League of Peace. A partial alliance can never ensure justice in the world, for the simple reason that, with its eyes inevitably fixed on the Balance of Power, it will not always dare to check the injustices which its own partners may be moved to commit. Undoubtedly a World-League must prepare its coercive apparatus, and cannot neglect the indispensable sanction of co-operative force. Without that no sense of security could be created in Europe, and each Power would continue to prepare against future perils by the old technique of the armed peace. We shall build the League ill, however, if we attempt to lay its foundations solely upon force. A wise architect will rather attempt to recommend it to every civilised people by the advantages it confers. It

must be a society which assures to its members benefits so indisputable that no civilised Power can afford to stay outside it, to secede from it, or to court expulsion by its own disloyal conduct.

The evolution of the two great Alliances during this war is a pointer which indicates what the basic advantages of the League must be. It must prepare to diffuse equitably over the whole world the economic benefits which each combination now proposes to reserve for its own members. Raw materials, including the staple foods, have become the pivot of world-politics. If Horace could re-write his ode he would speak not of the *auri sacra fames*, but of the hunger for iron-ore. Either we shall distribute the cotton, the metals, the rubber, the wool, the oil, and the grain to each according to his need, or we must face a generation of turmoil, intrigue, and war to determine their allocation. There is a "right to work" for nations as for individuals, and the new mercantilism which would monopolise the materials of industry for one Power or one group of Powers would make a cause for future war, which would enlist the workers no less than the capitalists. In this single expedient we probably have the key to the creation and maintenance of the League. With an international control over the flow of raw materials across frontiers, the League could recruit every civilised State in its ranks. With the power to stop this flow, it would have a sanction at its command which every State must dread. If it is regarded as the source which ensures to all the world its regular supply of essential things, it will readily build up for itself a loyalty which would never be earned by a supernational police-court. There are other advantages of a like kind in the economic field which it would be expedient to organise and dangerous to neglect. It would be at its own peril that the League tolerated tariff-wars within its ranks, or the penalisation of some members by others on political grounds. Such tariffs would work as prosaic hymns of hate. It seems desirable, if not necessary, that all members of the League should accord most-favoured-nation treatment to each other. The struggle to acquire colonies will continue to be a cause of war unless the open door to all civilised traders is adopted as the rule in all the non-self-governing dependencies subject to members of the League. In the manipulation of these direct advantages we have the answer to our problem of confidence and good will. A League which confers these benefits fairly on all its members, and makes for all the opportunity to live and

grow, will create by this means alone the necessary atmosphere of confidence.

Some other concrete conditions for any workable League, indispensable as they are, must be passed over with a bare enumeration :—(1) There ought to be in the charter of the League itself some general declaration which assures to all clearly defined national minorities in Europe at least cultural autonomy. Failing this, the League might have no status to intervene even to check a persecution which sooner or later might lead to war. (2) If defensive alliances survive, they must include a clause which dispenses one ally from supporting another in any action contrary to the covenants of the League. (3) The large question of the "freedom of the seas" cannot be ignored. It certainly must mean the modest minimum which is all that Naumann asked for in a recent series of articles : the right in peace to load and unload goods freely in any civilised harbour. It cannot mean the old charter of individualist thinkers—freedom for neutral, and even for "innocent" enemy, commerce in war-time. Modern war rests on industry, and its evolution has all but abolished the "non-combatant," emptied the old idea of "innocent" trade of meaning, and made even of neutrality a barely tenable status. We must follow this logic honestly. If such drastic measures as the embargo are to be applied in the name of civilisation, the civilised world as a whole must itself impose them. The League alone should have the right to sanction these more general methods of naval coercion, and would impose them only against a Power which had defied its covenants. There is no sacrifice to us here if we have ourselves renounced the thought of waging war at our own discretion for our own national advantage. We shall have lost nothing if we fight only for the defence of public right with the flag of the commonweal at our masthead. (4) The economic exhaustion of all the belligerents will probably lead directly to some concerted measures for the reduction of armaments on sea and land. There is here no sovereign remedy against war, for great armies can be improvised and undersea armadas and air-fleets can be rapidly built. The gain will be great, but indirect. It will help to release the Continent from the oppressive moral atmosphere of the armed camp. It will lessen the economic drive towards war from the armament industries, which ought everywhere to be nationalised. Lastly, and especially in Prussia, it will diminish the numbers of the professional military caste, lessen its social prestige,

and cut the ties which, through family interests, involve the propertied class in a support of the military hierarchy.

It is narrow thinking which conceives of the League of Nations merely as an august association to promote arbitration. If it were only that, it would be less than that—a pathetic aspiration remote from the shaping forces of the real world. The biological need of change must compel the League to assume, however tentatively, some of the functions of an international government, which will guide, and even impose, change when change is due. The dominance of the economic motive in the modern world will oblige it to be from the start an organisation which can confer and can withhold economic benefits. Here—and no less when it approaches disarmament—it touches the deeper springs of human motive, and begins to modify with an international purpose the structure of society itself.

The ruling condition of any League of Nations, that there shall be an atmosphere of confidence within it, leads us to the supremely delicate question, whether confidence requires as a formal condition of entry that every member of the League shall be a "democracy." That appears to be the prevailing opinion in America. One is tempted to counter such demands by the preliminary question whether democracy anywhere exists. It is at the best an ideal, nowhere fully realised, and a close analysis might show that political democracy is in isolation an impossible ideal so long as wealth means power and low levels of education permit the interested organisation of opinion. The current belief that the masses are everywhere pacific may truly describe their spontaneous and habitual temper. The plain fact is, however, that the masses nowhere in normal times give any effective attention to foreign affairs at all. They will not clamour for war unless an assiduous and interested campaign directed from above them has first aroused them. But neither, while this apathy and ignorance continue, are they an effective bulwark of peace. Their lack of direct interest in world-politics means that while they will never intervene to dictate a course of policy that will lead to war, they can scarcely as yet be reckoned as a disciplined and instructed force which will impose a policy consistent with peace. These reflections tend to diminish the immediate importance of insisting that "democracy" must be a formal condition of entry to the League. No mere political constitution could ensure that the vague pacific tendencies of the

masses would, in their present condition of apathy, be translated into foreign policy. The attempt to define and impose such a test would promptly confront us with the fact that Japan and Roumania are no more democratic than Germany, while another school of thought would question the claim of the Russian Soviet Government. It would, indeed, be difficult to lay down any condition of entry which discriminated between one form of government and another without repeating, albeit in the democratic direction, the grosser errors of the Holy Alliance. It is true, none the less, that confidence will with difficulty be established in the League if any leading Powers retain a system of government which to others seems an anomaly and an anachronism. There is, however, one test which might be generally imposed. We may well say that in this supremely important transaction of concluding a lasting Covenant of Peace, we must deal with peoples and not merely with Governments. That the treaty which erects the League should be everywhere ratified by a representative Parliament, freshly elected, would be a proper and reassuring stipulation. One might even, with the French Socialist Party, go further, and ask for a formal referendum of ratification from the whole body of citizens. That would be a novel and impressive guarantee. It is obvious that the old secret diplomacy, with the methods uncovered in the "Willy-Nicky" correspondence and in the "Secret Treaties" of the Allies, is incompatible with an era of confidence. The banishment of this antiquated technique must be left, however, to the vigilance of each nation and each Parliament acting under the spur of international public opinion.

It is not the smallest recommendation of the League that for the first time its procedure will reinforce democracy and arm public opinion, wherever democracy is in any degree a reality. One may safely say that on the eve of this war every people of Europe beyond the Balkans had reached a stage of moral evolution in which it honestly condemned aggressive war. The painful anxiety of the German Government to prove to its own people that it was acting on the defensive, is proof, if proof were needed, that in the mass the German people were no exception to this rule. The general advance in morals which had brought civilisation so far as this, was, however, wholly impotent to prevent war, and under like conditions will always be so. The vertiginous speed of the crisis which brought us to the abyss, the secrecy of the negotiations, the ease with which Governments after the outbreak of war could

state their own case, with their own selected facts, to an alarmed and excited people, forbade any preliminary trial of the issue by public opinion. Even with more leisure and more publicity, one may doubt whether any people has in the mass the historical sense and the objectivity of mind to be the judge of its own Government in a complex issue after passion has been aroused. We all condemn aggression, but where was the canon by which aggression could be tried? The idea of the League supplies its own simple and almost mechanical criterion. Democracy need no longer criticise the handling by its own rulers of a complicated diplomatic transaction. Aggression stands defined for it. "Did you carry your dispute to the appointed council? Did you abide its decision without warlike acts? Did you accept the decision it pronounced? Did you, in a word, observe our covenant?" Where is the democracy so simple that it will not ask these questions? Where is the Government so secure that it dare ignore them? If it is true that to develop democracy is to promote peace, it is equally true that to ensure peace is to reinforce democracy. To raise a presumption in favour of peace, to heighten the general expectation that peace can always with good will be preserved, is also to weaken the arguments by which the militarist state maintains its internal discipline. To end the armed peace of the old era is also to make an anachronism of the Prussian State, which could explain its rejection of democracy only as a defensive measure against the enemies which "encircled" it on "two fronts." The essential test of any State's fitness for the League is that it desires to submit to its conditions. Let us believe that effects will follow causes. When a State disarms it must abandon the politics of feudalism. When that State seeks entry into the League of Nations, it will by that act with its own hands destroy its militarism.

We shall be slow to learn the lesson of history unless we perceive by the glare of conflagration the defects of our pre-war morality. A League of Nations demands from us nothing less than an ascent from the habit of international rivalry to the ideal of co-operation. The material expansion of our century had hurried civilisation into tasks for which it was unripe, and equipped it with physical powers which its social conscience could not control. We had acquired, as it were, new senses and new limbs, but as we acted with prompt and imperious force in the far corners of the earth, we brought

to our new contacts with multitudinous races less than the necessary sympathy. In the international test of this war the Christian Churches have failed, and unlike International Socialism they do not even know that they have failed. If the growth of a new morality meant that by taking thought, the lonely individual must add to his moral stature, we might well plead our finitude, and despair. There is inspiration still in the old doctrine of the French Enlightenment that human nature is an infinitely malleable and plastic stuff. The "prejudices," to use its favourite word, which hampered international co-operation in the past may never yield to formal reasoning. The evolution on which we may reckon is rather that the new institutions, by setting men in new relations, must in the end transform their thinking. To make England from the Heptarchy was no less a miracle than to weld Europe out of six Great Powers. Enlarge the social unit and a certain expansion of our social instincts must follow the outward change. The habit of regarding foreign trade as a sort of warfare could hardly survive such a new fact as the rationing of the world's raw materials by a supernational authority. To recognise the common need and the common interdependence is to begin the transformation of economic motives. The habit of regarding conquered territory and subject peoples from the standpoint of the possessor and the proprietor had its rational root in the institutions of the past. Safety depended on man-power, and to acquire new populations which could be recruited was to guarantee security. In a world of economic struggle to possess territory was the obvious way of ensuring one's own access to raw materials. To gain new co-operative guarantees of safety, and to ensure the equitable division of the world's raw materials, is to cut both these roots of possessive and acquisitive nationalism. The slow modification of the concepts which underlie nationalist economics must follow as a League of Nations is gradually built up. Its future depends in the long run on its appeal to the imagination of the growing child. Ideas must have hands and feet, and move upon the earth. Let us neglect no chance of giving to the new institutions a visible form, a rallying symbol, a capital, and a social focus. Men will always love "the little platoon" to which they belong. It is the function of education to teach them that a "divine tactic of history" has bidden this platoon to keep its set place and perform its ordered evolutions in a greater army of comrades.

Soldier-Poets (iii)

By T. Sturge Moore

EDWARD THOMAS had wandered over literature and England, and shaped a mind that, at first opinionated, had saddened and mellowed. In the end he became a poet and a soldier almost at the same time, and now is dead. His success in prose had always been middling, breeding further discontent; do his poems* greatly succeed? Every time I read them I like them better. "Lob," his longest effort, was the first I saw; it was perfectly dissociated from him by the assumed name of "Eastaway" and appeared to me full of promise, though unwieldy, but in this collected volume his quality does not strike me as like a young man's, but wily, artful, and aware of many traps.

Rise up, rise up,
And, as the trumpet blowing
Chases the dreams of men,
As the dawn glowing
The stars that left unlit
The land and water,
Rise up and scatter
The dew that covers
The print of last night's lovers—
Scatter it, scatter it!

While you are listening
To the clear horn,
Forget, men, everything
On this earth newborn,
Except that it is lovelier
Than any mysteries.
Open your eyes to the air
That has washed the eyes of the stars
Through all the dewy night:
Up with the light,
To the old wars;
Arise, arise.

Though the impulse to write that was strong, it has constantly obeyed the bridle of keen literary taste, its grace is not like that of wild life, but like that of horsemanship, and will be the more admired the more fully the difficulties overcome are appreciated. In some of these poems novelty is sought as though felicity were despaired of, yet a few are really happy. Keats believed that felicities should so chime in with the human soul as to seem known before, even though a pre-natal existence had to be supposed to justify that impression. Novelties in poetry fail if merely new. Mr. Yeats

* *Poems by Edward Thomas.* Selwyn and Blount. 3*s.* 6*d.* (Quotations by permission of Mrs. Edward Thomas.)

has of late years set the fashion of skating across ever thinner ice until it seems almost miraculous that verse is not prose. You watch the skater as the surface warps under his swift passage and expect that another minute he will be in it, floundering like any Walt Whitman, but this does not happen. Rhyme is not discarded, but strained; rhythms are not free, but licentious. Thomas shows this tendency in ways of his own neither very determined nor very risky, yet sometimes annoying. These sleights of his art are intended, like those of others, deftly to dazzle the most sophisticated judges, and in so far betray a greater preoccupation with manner than with matter—a fault of proportion. The creative mind considers the manner solely as the servant of the import and justness of its theme.

Thomas knew life after a fashion that was not the fashion he had intended to discover it in. The passionate young man hawks for experience with his fancy, but the quarry brought to his feet is not often that at which he let his falcon fly.

> "He has robbed two clubs. The judge at Salisbury
> Can't give him more than he undoubtedly
> Deserves. The scoundrel! Look at his photograph!
> A lady-killer! Hanging's too good by half
> For such as he." So said the stranger, one
> With crimes yet undiscovered or undone.
> But at the inn the Gipsy dame began:
> "Now he was what I call a gentleman.
> He went along with Carrie, and when she
> Had a baby he paid up so readily
> His half a crown. Just like him. A crown 'd have been
> More like him. For I never knew him mean.
> Oh! but he was such a nice gentleman. Oh!
> Last time we met he said if me and Joe
> Was anywhere near we must be sure to call.
> He put his arms around our Amos all
> As if he were his own son. I pray God
> Save him from justice! Nicer man never trod."

This is the spirit of Borrow rather than that of Wordsworth. Yet I divine a hankering for spiritual intensity akin to that of the more central master. These poems drift across a profound hunger for ideal human relations; like those floating gardens of Kashmir, they traverse an incommunicable want, as one of them says—

> Content with discontent
> As larks and swallows are perhaps with wings.

An acceptance of the encountered actuality far less cavalier than that of the Tinman's antagonist.

Though Thomas had waved a flag like those who throw their energies into a movement, the comrades

tramping by his side and following were heard like echoes making his foot's thud sound all the more lonely. That heraldic picture of *Simple Life Returning* blazoned on the banner seemed no truer to his vision than those unsubstantial reverberations multiplying the "plod-plod" of his two feet; till he felt most solitary when agreement with him was most general. To adore remote places with quaint names became a fashion, but he retreated from prose to poetry in shy alarm.

The country and simple lives have their beauty, but, what is more obvious, they are picturesque, inventoried stage properties of well-worn appeal. This picturesqueness deludes men after they have despaired of more ideal beauties, such as can only be recognised in particular cases by very rare souls. For Wordsworth, country folk were the matrix out of which an ideal life might yet be moulded, his dearest thoughts and passionate aspirations rejoiced or suffered on their account. Deep country ancientness and Celtic magic had raised Thomas's enthusiasm, but his mind did not unite with what it admired, and gradually felt undeceived, and this disillusionment was closer to reality than his infatuation had been. At a cross-roads he says :—

> I read the sign. Which way shall I go?
> A voice says: "You would not have doubted so
> At twenty." Another voice gentle with scorn
> Says: "At twenty you wished you had never been born."

Though doubtless minor disappointments intensified the feeling, in a general sense one would imagine that his birth vexed him because it had not befallen in a pastoral age, in Arcady, in Ireland, when Cuchulain was about, or in the Middle Ages, when the oldest of existing barns was building. This soul, we say as we read, must have chafed against modern circumstance. Union with nature, between man and the most essential conditions of his life, such as that supposed to have been achieved in far-off times and places, has a true ideal value; it does correspond to a profound and rational aspiration. Honour, then, to its at times quaint and perverse expression! But observant eyes see more than they look for. And Thomas, who took pains to visit and know the most untouched parts of England and Wales, and who drank to the dregs the considerable literature which can feed such curiosity, though he still loved nature, was undeceived about man and, as a corollary, about himself. It dawned upon him that man's need is nobler impulses rather than choicer circumstances, that the soul seeks a mood and should not be put off with

hopes and desires, for we can only possess that which we can truly appreciate.

When we two walked in Lent
We imagined that happiness
Was something different
And this was something less.

But happy were we to hide
Our happiness, not as they were
Who acted in their pride
Juno and Jupiter.

For the Gods in their jealousy
Murdered that wife and man,
And we that were wise live free
To recall our happiness then.

Thus many men and women look back at a full-illusioned youth with something of envy and yet with a sense of freedom at the thought that those headstrong young people are really dead, which allows them to smile with the world, not in scorn of it, to be tender and kind instead of passionate and self-absorbed. Freedom from that fervid seriousness permits humorous playfulness, permits a vital possession of our own scorned past, and has gentle acceptance for the stream of shortcoming which is daily life.

If every hour
Like this one passing that I have spent among
The wiser others when I have forgot
To wonder whether I was free or not,
Were piled before me, and not lost behind,
And I could take and carry them away,
I should be rich; or if I had the power
To wipe out every one and not again
Regret, I should be rich to be so poor,
And yet I still am half in love with pain. . . .

What a contrast to Wordsworth, who always looked back to his youth as freshly arrived from heaven and wished to bind maturity and age to it by conscious piety. He had been born free; Thomas achieved freedom at the cost of disillusionment: yet it was part of his latter-day riches that he had been so deceived long ago. Better so than to have been without fire, than to have been dull, torpid, and mean. Yes, yes; but not better than to have been a creative artist, thrilling and anguishing about work that was more important than the workman. But with freedom came the inspired moods at last, and prose gave way to poetry.

While the sweet last-left damsons from the bough
With spangles of the morning's storm drop down
Because the starling shakes it.

The swift with wings and tail as sharp and narrow
As if the bow had flown off with the arrow.

Like the touch of rain she was
On a man's flesh and hair and eyes.

November's earth is dirty . . .
And the prettiest things on the ground are the paths
With morning and evening hobnails dinted,
With foot and wing-tip overprinted
Or separately charactered
Of little beast and little bird.

Such things must always make a poet supremely happy at whatever stage of life they may be written. And where there is simple joy, playfulness and tenderness will find room.

If I should ever by chance grow rich
I'll buy Codham, Cockridden, and Childerditch,
Roses, Pyrgo, and Lapwater,
And let them all to my elder daughter.
The rent I shall ask of her will be only
Each year's first violets, white and lonely,
The first primroses and orchises—
She must find them before I do, that is.
But if she finds a blossom on furze
Without rent they shall for ever be hers,
Codham, Cockridden, and Childerditch,
Roses, Pyrgo, and Lapwater—
I shall give them all to my elder daughter.

And to his wife :—

And you, Helen, what should I give you?
So many things I would give you
Had I an infinite great store
Offered me and I stood before
To choose. I would give you youth,
All kinds of loveliness and truth,
A clear eye as good as mine,
Lands, waters, flowers, wine,
As many children as your heart
Might wish for, a far better art
Than mine can be, all you have lost
Upon the travelling waters tossed,
Or given to me. If I could choose
Freely in that great treasure-house
Anything from any shelf
I would give you back yourself
And power to discriminate
What you want and want it not too late,
Many fair days free from care
And heart to enjoy both foul and fair,
And myself, too, if I could find
Where it lay hidden and it proved kind.

The Muse rarely lays her hand for the first time on a man in his late thirties, and when this happens we ought not to be surprised if he proves himself a considerable poet with complex and subtle moods. Thomas in this thin volume ranges from mere impressionism to creation as exquisite as this :—

The clouds that are so light,
Beautiful, swift, and bright,
Cast shadows on field and park
Of the earth that is so dark,

And even so now, light one!
Beautiful, swift, and bright one!
You let fall on a heart that was dark,
Unillumined, a deeper mark.

But clouds would have without earth
To shadow, far less worth:
Away from your shadow on me
Your beauty less would be,

And if it still be treasured
An age hence, it shall be measured
By this small dark spot
Without which it were not.

A really finished and lovely poem, which will improve with long pondering and often repeating. This man had fought for his own freedom and won against considerable odds before he went out to fight for ours. Through his art, as under limpid water, one sees the opinionated, savage youngster whom he first was, lying drowned—exclusive in his love of Celtic magic and deep-country ancientness, despising many fine things because he associated them with towns and globe-trotters, but the real man's soul with its depth and stillness has charmed all that turbulence, so that it now lies like a picture of itself under glass. Not born free, but self-freed like a plant that lifts a stone, or a sapling that splits a rock before it can show the world its proper beauty, and, for us discovered, like that hooded wayfarer at the supper-table only recognised after he has vanished, as better than our kindest thoughts had dared suppose. Our house was not well ordered, he should not have had to write hastily for his own and his children's bread, we have lost the chance of using him to the best advantage; yet he leaves us more than we deserved, something that will be treasured by posterity for ever. As his body fell its cloak melted off the soul and we caught a glimpse which confounded our poor recollections of the man, and words of his still tolling round our ears make us aware that for him this dark casualty had a different meaning.

Here love ends,
Despair, ambition ends,
All pleasure and all trouble,
Although most sweet or bitter,
Here ends in sleep that is sweeter
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any book
Or face of dearest look
That I would not turn from now
To go into the unknown
I must enter and leave alone
I know not how.

The tall forest towers;
Its cloudy foliage lowers
Ahead, shelf above shelf;
Its silence I hear and obey
That I may lose my way
And myself.

Bliss

By Katherine Mansfield

Although Bertha Young was thirty she still had moments like this when she wanted to run instead of walk, to take dancing steps on and off the pavement, to bowl a hoop, to throw something up in the air and catch it again, or to stand still and laugh at—nothing—at nothing, simply.

What can you do if you are thirty and, turning the corner of your own street, you are overcome, suddenly, by a feeling of bliss — absolute bliss! — as though you'd suddenly swallowed a bright piece of that late afternoon sun and it burned in your bosom, sending out a little shower of sparks into every particle, into every finger and toe? . . .

Oh, is there no way you can express it without being "drunk and disorderly"? How idiotic civilisation is! Why be given a body if you have to keep it shut up in a case like a rare, rare fiddle?

"No, that about the fiddle is not quite what I mean," she thought, running up the steps and feeling in her bag for the key—she'd forgotten it, as usual—and rattling the letter-box. "It's not what I mean, because—— Thank you, Mary"—she went into the hall. "Is nurse back?"

"Yes, M'm."

"And has the fruit come?"

"Yes, M'm. Everything's come."

"Bring the fruit up to the dining-room, will you? I'll arrange it before I go upstairs."

It was dusky in the dining-room and quite chilly. But all the same Bertha threw off her coat; she could not bear the tight clasp of it another moment; and the cold air fell on her arms.

But in her bosom there was still that bright glowing place—that shower of little sparks coming from it. It was almost unbearable. She hardly dared to breathe for fear of fanning it higher, and yet she breathed deeply, deeply. She hardly dared to look into the cold mirror—but she did look, and it gave her back a woman, radiant, with smiling, trembling lips, with big, dark eyes and an air of listening, waiting for some-

thing . . . divine to happen . . . that she knew must happen . . . infallibly.

Mary brought in the fruit on a tray and with it a glass bowl, and a blue dish, very lovely, with a strange sheen on it as though it had been dipped in milk.

"Shall I turn on the light, M'm?"

"No, thank you. I can see quite well."

There were tangerines and apples stained with strawberry pink. Some yellow pears, smooth as silk, some white grapes covered with a silver bloom and a big cluster of purple ones. These last she had bought to tone in with the new dining-room carpet. Yes, that did sound rather far-fetched and absurd, but it was really why she had bought them. She had thought in the shop: "I must have some purple ones to bring the carpet up to the table." And it had seemed quite sense at the time.

When she had finished with them and had made two pyramids of these bright round shapes, she stood away from the table to get the effect—and it really was most curious. For the dark table seemed to melt into the dusky light and the glass dish and the blue bowl to float in the air. This, of course, in her present mood, was so incredibly beautiful . . . She began to laugh.

"No. No. I'm getting hysterical." And she seized her bag and coat and ran upstairs to the nursery.

Nurse sat at a low table giving Little B her supper after her bath. The baby had on a white flannel gown and a blue woollen jacket, and her dark, fine hair was brushed up into a funny little peak. She looked up when she saw her mother and began to jump.

"Now, my lovey, eat it up like a good girl," said Nurse, setting her lips in a way that Bertha knew, and that meant she had come into the nursery at another wrong moment.

"Has she been good, Nanny?"

"She's been a little sweet all the afternoon," whispered Nanny. "We went to the park and I sat down on a chair and took her out of the pram and a big dog came along and put its head on my knee and she clutched its ear, tugged it. Oh, you should have seen her."

Bertha wanted to ask if it wasn't rather dangerous to let her clutch at a strange dog's ear. But she did not dare to. She stood watching them, her hands by her sides, like the poor little girl in front of the rich little girl with the doll.

The baby looked up at her again, stared, and then smiled so charmingly that Bertha couldn't help crying:

"Oh, Nanny, do let me finish giving her her supper while you put the bath things away."

"Well, M'm, she oughtn't to be changed hands while she's eating," said Nanny, still whispering. "It unsettles her; it's very likely to upset her."

How absurd it was. Why have a baby if it has to be kept—not in a case like a rare, rare fiddle—but in another woman's arms?

"Oh, I must!" said she.

Very offended, Nanny handed her over.

"Now, don't excite her after her supper. You know you do, M'm. And I have such a time with her after!"

Thank Heaven! Nanny went out of the room with the bath towels.

"Now I've got you to myself, my little precious," said Bertha, as the baby leaned against her.

She ate delightfully, holding up her lips for the spoon and then waving her hands. Sometimes she wouldn't let the spoon go; and sometimes, just as Bertha had filled it, she waved it away to the four winds.

When the soup was finished Bertha turned round to the fire.

"You're nice—you're very nice!" said she, kissing her warm baby. "I'm fond of you. I like you."

And, indeed, she loved Little B so much—her neck as she bent forward, her exquisite toes as they shone transparent in the firelight—that all her feeling of bliss came back again, and again she didn't know how to express it—what to do with it.

"You're wanted on the telephone," said Nanny, coming back in triumph and seizing *her* Little B.

Down she flew. It was Harry.

"Oh, is that you, Ber? Look here. I'll be late. I'll take a taxi and come along as quickly as I can, but get dinner put back ten minutes—will you? All right?"

"Yes, perfectly. Oh, Harry!"

"Yes?"

What had she to say? She'd nothing to say. She only wanted to get in touch with him for a moment. She couldn't absurdly cry: "Hasn't it been a divine day!"

"What is it?" rapped out the little voice.

"Nothing. *Entendu*," said Bertha, and hung up the receiver, thinking how more than idiotic civilisation was.

They had people coming to dinner. The Norman Knights — a very sound couple — he was about to start a theatre, and she was awfully keen on interior decoration, a young man, Eddie Warren, who had just published a little book of poems and whom everybody was asking to dine, and a "find" of Bertha's called Pearl Fulton. What Miss Fulton did, Bertha didn't know. They had met at the club and Bertha had fallen in love with her, as she always did fall in love with beautiful women who had something strange about them.

The provoking thing was that, though they had been about together and met a number of times and really talked, Bertha couldn't yet make her out. Up to a certain point Miss Fulton was rarely, wonderfully frank, but the certain point was there, and beyond that she would not go.

Was there anything beyond it? Harry said "No." Voted her dullish, and "cold like all blond women," with a "touch, perhaps, of anæmia of the brain." But Bertha wouldn't agree with him; not yet, at any rate.

"No, the way she has of sitting with her head a little on one side, and smiling, has something behind it, Harry, and I must find out what that something is."

"Most likely it's a good stomach," answered Harry.

He made a point of catching Bertha's heels with replies of that kind . . . "liver frozen, my dear girl," or "pure flatulence," or "kidney disease" . . . and so on. For some strange reason Bertha liked this, and almost admired it in him, very much.

She went into the drawing-room and lighted the fire; then, picking up the cushions, one by one, that Mary had disposed so carefully, she threw them back on to the chairs and the couches. That made all the difference; the room came alive at once. As she was about to throw the last one she surprised herself by suddenly hugging it to her, passionately, passionately. But it did not put out the fire in her bosom. Oh, on the contrary!

The windows of the drawing-room opened on to a balcony overlooking the garden. At the far end, against the wall, there was a tall, slender pear tree in fullest, richest bloom; it stood, perfect, as though becalmed against the jade-green sky. Bertha couldn't help feeling, even from this distance, that it had not a single bud or a faded petal. Down below, in the

garden beds, the red and yellow tulips, heavy with flowers, seemed to lean upon the dusk. A grey cat, dragging its belly, crept across the lawn, and a black one, its shadow, trailed after. The sight of them, so intent and so quick, gave Bertha a curious shiver.

"What creepy things cats are!" she stammered, and she turned away from the window and began walking up and down. . . .

How strong the jonquils smelled in the warm room. Too strong? Oh, no. And yet, as though overcome, she flung down on a couch and pressed her hands to her eyes.

"I'm too happy—too happy!" she murmured.

And she seemed to see on her eyelids the lovely pear tree with its wide open blossoms as a symbol of her own life.

Really—really—she had everything. She was young. Harry and she were as much in love as ever, and they got on together splendidly and were really good pals. She had an adorable baby. They didn't have to worry about money. They had this absolutely satisfactory house and garden. And friends—modern, thrilling friends, writers and painters and poets or people keen on social questions—just the kind of friends they wanted. And then there were books, and there was music, and she had found a wonderful little dressmaker, and they were going abroad in the summer, and their new cook made the most superb omelettes. . . .

"I'm absurd. Absurd!" She sat up; but she felt quite dizzy, quite drunk. It must have been the spring.

Yes, it was the spring. Now she was so tired she could not drag herself upstairs to dress.

A white dress, a string of jade beads, green shoes and stockings. It wasn't intentional. She had thought of this scheme hours before she stood at the drawing-room window.

Her petals rustled softly into the hall, and she kissed Mrs. Norman Knight, who was taking off the most amusing orange coat with a procession of black monkeys round the hem and up the fronts.

". . . Why! Why! Why is the middle class so stodgy— so utterly without a sense of humour! My dear, it's only by a fluke that I am here at all—Norman being the protective fluke. For my darling monkeys so upset the train that it rose to a man and simply ate me with its eyes. Didn't laugh—wasn't amused—that I should have loved. No, just stared—and bored me through and through."

"But the cream of it was," said Norman, pressing a large tortoiseshell-rimmed monocle into his eye, "you don't mind me telling this, Face, do you?" (In their home and among their friends they called each other Face and Mug.) "The cream of it was when she, being full fed, turned to the woman beside her and said: "Haven't you ever seen a monkey before?"

"Oh, yes!" Mrs. Norman Knight joined in the laughter. "Wasn't that too absolutely creamy?"

And a funnier thing still was that now her coat was off she did look like a very intelligent monkey—who had even made that yellow silk dress out of scraped banana skins. And her amber ear-rings; they were like little dangling nuts.

"This is a sad, sad fall!" said Mug, pausing in front of Little B's perambulator. "When the perambulator comes into the hall——" and he waved the rest of the quotation away.

The bell rang. It was lean, pale Eddie Warren (as usual) in a state of acute distress.

"It *is* the right house, *isn't* it?" he pleaded.

"Oh, I think so—I hope so," said Bertha brightly.

"I have had such a *dreadful* experience with a taxi-man; he was *most* sinister. I couldn't get him to *stop*. The *more* I knocked and called the *faster* he went. And *in* the moonlight this *bizarre* figure with the *flattened* head *crouching* over the lit-tle wheel. . . ."

He shuddered, taking off an immense white silk scarf. Bertha noticed that his socks were white, too—most charming.

"But how dreadful!" she cried.

"Yes, it really was," said Eddie, following her into the drawing-room. "I saw myself *driving* through Eternity in a *timeless* taxi."

He knew the Norman Knights. In fact, he was going to write a play for N. K. when the theatre scheme came off.

"Well, Warren, how's the play?" said Norman Knight, dropping his monocle and giving his eye a moment in which to rise to the surface before it was screwed down again.

And Mrs. Norman Knight: "Oh, Mr. Warren, what happy socks?"

"I *am* so glad you like them," said he, staring at his feet. "They seem to have got so *much* whiter since the moon rose." And he turned his lean sorrowful young face to Bertha. "There *is* a moon, you know."

She wanted to cry: "I am sure there is—often—often!"

He really was a most attractive person. But so was Face, crouched before the fire in her banana skins, and so was Mug,

smoking a cigarette and saying as he flicked the ash: "Why doth the bridegroom tarry?"

"There he is, now."

Bang went the front door open and shut. Harry shouted: "Hullo, you people. Down in five minutes." And they heard him swarm up the stairs. Bertha couldn't help smiling; she knew how he loved doing things at high pressure. What, after all, did an extra five minutes matter? But he would pretend to himself that they mattered beyond measure. And then he would make a great point of coming into the drawing-room, extravagantly cool and collected.

Harry had such a zest for life. Oh, how she appreciated it in him. And his passion for fighting—for seeking in everything that came up against him another test of his power and of his courage—that, too, she understood. Even when it made him, just occasionally, to other people, who didn't know him well, a little ridiculous perhaps. . . . For there were moments when he rushed into battle where no battle was. . . . She talked and laughed and positively forgot until he had come in (just as she had imagined) that Pearl Fulton had not turned up.

"I wonder if Miss Fulton has forgotten?"

"I expect so," said Harry. "Is she on the 'phone?"

"Ah! There's a taxi, now." And Bertha smiled with that little air of proprietorship that she always assumed while her women finds were new and mysterious. "She lives in taxis."

"She'll run to fat if she does," said Harry coolly, ringing the bell for dinner. "Frightful danger for blond women."

"Harry—don't," warned Bertha, laughing up at him.

Came another tiny moment, while they waited, laughing and talking, just a trifle too much at their ease, a trifle too unaware. And then Miss Fulton, all in silver, with a silver fillet binding her pale blond hair, came in smiling, her head a little on one side.

"Am I late?"

"No, not at all," said Bertha. "Come along." And she took her arm and they moved into the dining room.

What was there in the touch of that cool arm that could fan—fan—start blazing—blazing—the fire of bliss that Bertha did not know what to do with?

Miss Fulton did not look at her; but then she seldom did look at people directly. Her heavy eyelids lay upon her eyes and the strange half smile came and went upon her lips

as though she lived by listening rather than seeing. But Bertha knew, suddenly, as if the longest, most intimate look had passed between them—as if they had said to each other: "You, too?"—that Pearl Fulton, stirring the beautiful red soup in the grey plate, was feeling just what she was feeling.

And the others? Face and Mug, Eddie and Harry, their spoons rising and falling—dabbling their lips with their napkins, crumbling bread, fiddling with the forks and glasses and talking.

"I met her at the Alpha show—the weirdest little person. She'd not only cut off her hair, but she seemed to have taken a dreadfully good snip off her legs and arms and her neck and her poor little nose as well."

"Isn't she very *liée* with Michael Oat?"

"The man who wrote 'Love in False Teeth'?"

"He wants to write a play for me. One act. One man. Decides to commit suicide. Gives all the reasons why he should and why he shouldn't. And just as he has made up his mind either to do it or not to do it—curtain. Not half a bad idea."

"What's he going to call it—'Stomach Trouble'?"

"I *think* I've come across the *same* idea in a lit-tle French review, *quite* unknown in England."

No, they didn't share it. They were dears—dears—and she loved having them there, at her table, and giving them delicious food and wine. In fact, she longed to tell them how delightful they were, and what a decorative group they made, how they seemed to set one another off and how they reminded her of a play by Tchekof!

Harry was enjoying his dinner. It was part of his—well, not his nature, exactly, and certainly not his pose—his—something or other—to talk about food and to glory in his "shameless passion for the white flesh of the lobster" and "the green of pistachio ices—green and cold like the eyelids of Egyptian dancers."

When he looked up at her and said: "Bertha, this is a very admirable *soufflée!*" she almost could have wept with childlike pleasure.

Oh, why did she feel so tender towards the whole world to-night? Everything was good—was right. All that happened seemed to fill again her brimming cup of bliss.

And still, in the back of her mind, there was the pear tree. It would be silver now, in the light of poor dear Eddie's moon, silver as Miss Fulton, who sat there turning a tangerine in her

slender fingers that were so pale, a light seemed to come from them.

What she simply couldn't make out—what was miraculous—was how she should have guessed Miss Fulton's mood so exactly and so instantly. For she never doubted for a moment that she was right, and yet what had she to go on? Less than nothing.

"I believe this does happen very, very rarely between women. Never between men," thought Bertha. "But while I am making the coffee in the drawing-room perhaps she will 'give a sign.'"

What she meant by that she did not know, and what would happen after that she could not imagine.

While she thought like this she saw herself talking and laughing. She had to talk because of her desire to laugh.

"I must laugh or die."

But when she noticed Face's funny little habit of tucking something down the front of her bodice—as if she kept a tiny, secret hoard of nuts there, too—Bertha had to dig her nails into her hands—so as not to laugh too much.

It was over at last. And: "Come and see my new coffee machine," said Bertha.

"We only have a new coffee machine once a fortnight," said Harry. Face took her arm this time; Miss Fulton bent her head and followed after.

The fire had died down in the drawing-room to a red, flickering "nest of baby phœnixes," said Face.

"Don't turn up the light for a moment. It is so lovely." And down she crouched by the fire again. She was always cold . . . "without her little red flannel jacket, of course," thought Bertha.

At that moment Miss Fulton "gave the sign."

"Have you a garden?" said the cool, sleepy voice.

This was so exquisite on her part that all Bertha could do was to obey. She crossed the room, pulled the curtains apart, and opened those long windows.

"There!" she breathed.

And the two women stood side by side looking at the slender, flowering tree. Although it was so still it seemed, like the flame of a candle, to stretch up, to point, to quiver in the bright air, to grow taller and taller as they gazed—almost to touch the rim of the round, silver moon.

How long did they stand there? Both, as it were, caught

in that circle of unearthly light, understanding each other perfectly, creatures of another world, and wondering what they were to do in this one with all this blissful treasure that burned in their bosoms and dropped, in silver flowers, from their hair and hands?

For ever—for a moment? And did Miss Fulton murmur: "Yes. Just that." Or did Bertha dream it?

Then the light was snapped on and Face made the coffee and Harry said: "My dear Mrs. Knight, don't ask me about my baby. I never see her. I shan't feel the slightest interest in her until she has a lover," and Mug took his eye out of the conservatory for a moment and then put it under glass again and Eddie Warren drank his coffee and set down the cup with a face of anguish as though he had drunk and seen the spider.

"What I want to do is to give the young men a show. I believe London is simply teeming with first-chop, unwritten plays. What I want to say to 'em is: 'Here's the theatre. Fire ahead.'"

"You know, my dear, I am going to decorate a room for the Jacob Nathans. Oh, I am so tempted to do a fried-fish scheme, with the backs of the chairs shaped like frying pans and lovely chip potatoes embroidered all over the curtains."

"The trouble with our young writing men is that they are still too romantic. You can't put out to sea without being seasick and wanting a basin. Well, why won't they have the courage of those basins?"

"A *dreadful* poem about a *girl* who was *violated* by a beggar *without* a nose in a lit-tle wood. . . ."

Miss Fulton sank into the lowest, deepest chair and Harry handed round the cigarettes.

From the way he stood in front of her shaking the silver box and saying abruptly: "Egyptian? Turkish? Virginian? They're all mixed up," Bertha realised that she not only bored him; he really disliked her. And she decided from the way Miss Fulton said: "No, thank you, I won't smoke," that she felt it, too, and was hurt.

"Oh, Harry, don't dislike her. You are quite wrong about her. She's wonderful, wonderful. And, besides, how can you feel so differently about someone who means so much to me. I shall try to tell you when we are in bed to-night what has been happening. What she and I have shared."

At those last words something strange and almost terrifying darted into Bertha's mind. And this something blind and smil-

ing whispered to her: "Soon these people will go. The house will be quiet—quiet. The lights will be out. And you and he will be alone together in the dark room—the warm bed. . . ."

She jumped up from her chair and ran over to the piano.

"What a pity someone does not play!" she cried. "What a pity somebody does not play."

For the first time in her life Bertha Young desired her husband.

Oh, she'd loved him—she'd been in love with him, of course, in every other way, but just not in that way. And, equally, of course, she'd understood that he was different. They'd discussed it so often. It had worried her dreadfully at first to find that she was so cold, but after a time it had not seemed to matter. They were so frank with each other—such good pals. That was the best of being modern.

But now—ardently! ardently! The word ached in her ardent body! Was this what that feeling of bliss had been leading up to? But then——

"My dear," said Mrs. Norman Knight, "you know our shame. We are the victims of time and train. We live in Hampstead. It's been so nice."

"I'll come with you into the hall," said Bertha. "I loved having you. But you must not miss the last train. That's so awful, isn't it?"

"Have a whisky, Knight, before you go?" called Harry.

"No thanks, old chap."

Bertha squeezed his hand for that as she shook it.

"Goodnight, goodbye," she cried from the top step, feeling that this self of hers was taking leave of them for ever.

When she got back into the drawing-room the others were on the move.

". . . Then you can come part of the way in my taxi."

"I shall be *so* thankful *not* to have to face *another* drive *alone* after my *dreadful* experience."

"You can get a taxi at the rank just at the end of the street. You won't have to walk more than a few yards."

"That's a comfort. I'll go and put on my coat."

Miss Fulton moved towards the hall and Bertha was following when Harry almost pushed past.

"Let me help you."

Bertha knew that he was repenting his rudeness—she let him go. What a boy he was in some ways—so impulsive—so—simple.

And Eddie and she were left by the fire.

"I *wonder* if you have seen Bilks' *new* poem called '*Table d'Hôte*,'" said Eddie softly. "It's *so* wonderful. In the last Anthology. Have you got a copy? I'd *so* like to *show* it to you. It begins with an *incredibly* beautiful line: '*Why Must it Always be Tomato Soup?*'"

"Yes," said Bertha. And she moved noiselessly to a table opposite the drawing-room door and Eddie glided noiselessly after her. She picked up the little book and gave it to him; they had not made a sound.

While he looked it up she turned her head towards the hall. And she saw: . . . Harry with Miss Fulton's coat in his arms and Miss Fulton with her back turned to him and her head bent. He tossed the coat away, put his hands on her shoulders and turned her violently to him. His lips said: "I adore you," and Miss Fulton laid her moonbeam fingers on his cheeks and smiled her sleepy smile. Harry's nostrils quivered; his lips curled back in a hideous grin while he whispered "To-morrow," and with her eyelids Miss Fulton said "Yes."

"Here it is," said Eddie. "*Why Must it Always be Tomato Soup?* It's so *deeply* true, don't you feel? Tomato soup is so *dreadfully* eternal."

"If you prefer," said Harry's voice, very loud, from the hall, "I can 'phone you a cab to come to the door."

"Oh, no. It's not necessary," said Miss Fulton, and she came up to Bertha and gave her the slender fingers to hold.

"Goodbye. Thank you so much."

"Goodbye," said Bertha.

Miss Fulton held her hand a moment longer.

"Your lovely pear tree!" she murmured.

And then she was gone, with Eddie following, like the black cat following the grey cat.

"I'll shut up shop," said Harry, extravagantly cool and collected.

"Your lovely pear tree—pear tree—pear tree!"

Bertha simply ran over to the long windows.

"Oh, what is going to happen now?" she cried.

But the pear tree was as lovely as ever and as full of flower and as still.

The Modern State, Internationalism, and War

By E. Belfort Bax

We are all acquainted with certain well-worn saws embodying what counts for popular wisdom on the subject of "human nature." Who does not know the wiseacre who will confidently dispense his cheap and serviceable wisdom to you to the effect that dogmatic religion is, and always will be, necessary to keep the mass of men in order? The implication is, of course, that he, and possibly you, might do without it, but that "human nature" in the lump (which is bad) requires it. Then, again, there is our old acquaintance in discussions on Socialism, who is never tired of repeating that the stimulus of want, hunger, and necessity is imperative to make the bulk of men do any work at all, "human nature" being always essentially lazy. Yet, again, we have the sapient man of shrewd common sense, as he fancies himself, who lays down the law to the effect that, as war always has been, so it always will be, since war belongs to "human nature," and disputes between States will be always liable to reach a point at which a recourse to arms is inevitable.

Now, it is this last oracle with whom we propose to deal on the present occasion. In investigating the truth or falsehood of his pretensions it is necessary to cast a glance at the origin and development of the structural forms of human society, social and political, for when our popular philosopher of "human nature" talks about war as being inevitable in the future as in the past, he means war as between Nation-States in the modern sense. Now he, like his colleagues in the purveying of their cheap and serviceable popular wisdom, is, as a rule, indifferently grounded in anthropology and the early history of institutions. For the worthy person in question, like his colleagues above-mentioned, the "human nature" and institutions he has in mind are those he is familiar with in the present day, or in the more or less recent history with which he is superficially acquainted. So this our friend, who is so confident in maintaining the thesis that a state of perpetual peace among mankind is a chimera, does not refer for

the most part to civil war or commotions on questions of principle, irrespective of racial or national boundaries (which come under a different category), but to armed conflict between Nation-States in their capacity as such.

Now in discussing the question of the possibility of war between Nation-States, as happens to-day, becoming obsolete, it is necessary to go over what may be to many readers familiar ground, and briefly re-consider the forms out of which such war has evolved, and the general direction of social and political evolution, in so far as it concerns the question of war and peace.

The earliest form of organised human society, we need scarcely remind the reader, is what is known as "tribal" society, a society based, that is, directly or indirecly on kinship groups, on groups whose membership usually claim descent from some common ancestor. The chief and most constant divisions in tribal society (although not the only ones) are those of the clan and the tribe. Now war as it obtained in early society meant a conflict between rival clans, but as the power of the larger unit of organisation, the tribe, grew at the expense of the clans of which it consisted, war between the clans as such gradually died out, and the tribe itself became the war-waging unit as against other tribes. At a later stage two or more tribes coalesced, always under the notion of kinship, which might be real or fictitious, to form what was known as a "people." Armed conflicts as between the affiliated tribes of this people very soon ceased, and henceforth the war-waging unit became *par excellence* no longer the tribe, but the union or confederacy of tribes (*i.e.*, the people) in its corporate capacity. (As the most familiar historical illustration of a confederacy such as that spoken of, under an assumed kinship bond, take the trite case of the "people" or "children" of Israel.)

As civilisation advanced and gained the upper hand over primitive barbaric society and settled conditions of agricultural and of town life supervened, the city which grew up round some natural stronghold became the localised centre of the united tribes and henceforth the typical emblem of these tribes, alike in peace and in war. With the rise of settled communities and cities we enter the period of history properly so called. It is the period *par excellence* of individualisation, first of all of peoples themselves, and very much later of the individual men composing these peoples. Primitive barbaric society was and is very much alike in

essentials all over the world. The main differentiation of the characteristics of one race from another begins with civilisation and history. This, however, by the way. Now history proper takes its rise with the civilisations of Egypt and of Western Asia. In dealing with this ancient history we often speak of Empires. Babylonia, Assyria, Persia, Egypt, are referred to as Empires. But it would be a mistake to regard these so-called Empires as bearing any close analogy to the Nation-State of modern times. They were essentially more or less loose confederacies of cities under an over-lordship, whose powers were mainly exercised in the direction of military service and of fiscal subsidies usually for war purposes. The civil and domestic life of each city and district was largely autonomous, the central over-lordship making its power little, if at all, felt in local affairs. Hence there was no feeling of national unity and national patriotism as we know it to-day and in recent times. Even in war it was for the most part mere force exercised by the over-lordship of the dominant city or district which held together as soldier-slaves the greater part of the people of Babylonia, Assyria, or Persia. These Empires consisted at best of loose and unstable component elements, and at worst of conquered or half-conquered cities and districts with their populations. There was nowhere any feeling of national unity in the modern sense.

With the rise and rapid development of Greece and its colonies we have the pure type of the ancient city at its best, and in Greece and its colonies war, when it took place, was a war between cities, mostly between Greek cities. The Greek world, although it had a sentiment of community as against the barbarian, never had it in the sense of political cohesion. We see this utter want of politico-national sentiment in a modern sense in the greatest enterprise in which the Greek-speaking world was ever engaged in common, to wit, the Persian wars.

Rome itself, like all the other cities of the ancient world, originated in a small tribal confederacy. Through conquest and the formation of a city confederacy throughout Italy, of which Rome was the head, the foundation of the future world-Empire was laid. But this Empire, which assumed more and more the character of a bureaucratic organisation, and which was compounded of all tribes, kindreds, and peoples, had, if possible, less real unity of national sentiment than even those that had preceded it. The much-boasted Roman citi-

zenship, at first the sign of a dominant caste, then a mere commercial value, was finally levelled, under Caracalla, to include all the subjects of the Empire, and soon ceased to have any significance whatever.

With the break-up of the Roman Empire and the barbarian invasions, the world as known to history again resolved itself into a congeries, or, at best, a very loosely connected system, of rural manors, with the surviving cities of the Empire now become autonomous centres. Afterwards, in the later Middle Ages, when the new mediæval townships arose, they likewise assumed the form of partially or wholly independent civic communities. In any case their allegiance was, as a rule, owed to an immediate overlord and not to any national government. Their connection with a larger governmental system, whether that of the king, as in France or England, or of the Empire, as in Central Europe, was in the former case, according to modern ideas, comparatively slight, and in the latter almost purely nominal.

But with the close of the Middle Ages, with the periods known as the Renaissance and the Reformation, the modern nation began to consolidate itself. The manorial and feudal system broke down, and power became centralised in the hands of the king and his council. Local freedoms and independence weakened, and in many cases lapsed, before the power of the new Nation-State with its national patriotic sentiment. From this time forward baronial wars, wars between local communities and their heads, or between one township and another, gave place, in some countries gradually and in others more suddenly, to wars between the recently centralised national States. The Nation-State of modern times, with its racial basis, real or assumed, now became the war-waging unit. This is the stage which still continues. Modern patriotism represents its ideological expression. The appeal is now made not to a man's enthusiasm for his feudal lord, or his native borough, or his county, or any other local division, but to his country, to his enthusiasm for the Nation-State into which he happens to have been born.

Yet, in spite of the apparent strength of the Nation-State, it is not difficult to see, and the present war has emphasised the point in many directions, that we are on the eve of another great change in the unit of political power, a corresponding change to those which gave rise to the domination of the tribe over its component clans, of the "people" over the "tribe," of the city over the rural communities, whether in ancient or

mediæval times, of the feudal prince over the barons and knights who owed him allegiance, and, lastly, of the king and his council as representing the earlier form of the modern Nation-State we see in its fully-developed form to-day; in short, of the larger and more comprehensive unit over the lesser ones embraced by it. Now similar corresponding causes are operating under our very eyes, which point to the supersession of the Nation by the International or perhaps better, the Supernation, of the Nation-State by the International Commonwealth, as the ultimate arbiter and the final basis of power. Everywhere we hear the talk of a Commonwealth at least of the Allied Entente Nations. The causes of this are complex in their nature. Economical, social, political, intellectual conditions of civilised mankind are rapidly tending to become incompatible with the absoluteness of the Nation-State as the unit of power. But once the unit of power, to which is the supreme appeal, becomes International, and it is clear that the day of internecine warfare between the nations constituting the International Commonwealth must come to an end, just as inter-tribal warfare came to an end with the power of the tribal confederacy or "people," over the tribes constituting it,; or the internecine warfare of feudal manors or mediæval townships came to an end with the rise and development of the modern Nation-State.

But will the new International Commonwealth upon which devolves the sceptre of ultimate power formerly held by the Nation-State be a war-waging unit of power? This is impossible in proportion as it absorbs the whole of civilisation, since there would be no separate power that could compete with it, just as it would be impossible, say, for Liverpool or any other single town or conceivable combination of towns to wage war on the National Government of England. Hence it is clear that with the advent, even in a partial form, of the International Commonwealth spoken of, we shall see at the very least the waning possibility of international war, and with its complete development the final impossibility and ultimate extinction of international war as such. Just as administrative regulation in the Nation-State has superseded armed conflict between the communities comprised within that State, so it will be, *mutatis mutandis*, in the future with the International Commonwealth. In other words, in the necessary course of political development, war must end. Q.E.D.

Once more. It is clear that the causes of conflict within a world-commonwealth such as that spoken of in the first part of this article, in so far as it was established on a Socialist basis, could not arise out of economic rivalry, or, indeed, from any directly economic cause. Hence, not merely would the absorption of present existent Nation-States in a new universal over-Power, by the very constitution of such a Power, do away with the possibility of armed conflict, just as the modern Nation-State in a similar way abolished the possibility of armed conflict between the town and provinces contained within it; but the main causes of dispute would be altogether removed. The world-Power of the future, therefore, would necessarily differ in every important respect from the Nation-State of to-day. It behoves us, nevertheless, as practical persons living to-day to consider the question of the ethical claim of the modern Nation-State upon the communities and individual human beings constituting it.

There is no doubt a strong tendency at this moment, which the war has accentuated, to regard the State, the repository of the material power of the Nation, as the highest object of devotion to those coming under it. Even with the followers of Auguste Comte, who are supposed to claim in a special manner Humanity, the *Grand Etre Suprême*, as the supreme object of all worship and endeavour, are swept into the current of Nation-State worshippers with whom humanity as a whole tends to become a mere pious idea, an ornamental flourish, behind the object of their practical devotion, to wit, the modern Nation-State.

But the claim of the State, the actual governing power of the community, to any unconditional homage or loyalty, has been of late seriously impugned, and that by certain academic writers who would, so far as I am aware, hardly regard themselves as Socialists, and certainly who do not belong to any Socialist organisation. Socialists, of course, have always pointed out the distinction between the existing State, its power wielded by a governing class and in class interests, and the directive organ of a Socialist commonwealth. But, apart from this, and even with some Socialists, the claim of the Nation-State to supreme devotional sacrifice from its own section of mankind has passed unchallenged. It is too often forgotten, though lately pointed out by more than one writer, that even from the present *bourgeois* point of view, there are other competing social forms and groupings possibly claiming the allegiance of the individual which by no means

coincide with the Nation-State. The filaments of Internationalism, conscious and unconscious, have become more and more numerous during the last two generations. These filaments are economical, political, intellectual, and social. Those of an economic nature—postal systems, railway systems, etc., etc.—do not directly concern us here. Although not without their influence on the foundations of the Internationalism of the future, they do not immediately affect the question of the ethical bond between the individual and the Nation-State into which he has been born. There are, however, other forms of organisation which do most distinctly challenge the supremacy of the Nation-State as the object of individual allegiance, quite apart from the remoter ideal of humanity as the *Grand Etre Suprême*. There is, for instance, what we may term the socio-economic filaments which bind a man to his class, and through his class, and even through the economic section of the class to which he belongs, to his trade union as well as to the organisations embodying the principles of Trade Unionism throughout the world. Then, again, there are other filaments based not on any formal organisation, but on sympathetic interests and community of ideas such as find their expression in ordinary times in international congresses of science, philosophy, or what not. All these things, interests, and objects of allegiance, overlapping the Nation-State with its ideal interest of national patriotism, may easily come into conflict with the latter. As has been recently insisted upon by the new school of academic writers above referred to, a man is a member not only of his Nation-State, but conceivably of other groupings of human society. Hence his Nation-State can by no means claim his undivided allegiance.

The above-indicated filaments tending to draw off the inclusive allegiance of the reflecting individual from the mere patriotic idea as such, do so in a partial and more or less unconscious manner. It is only in and through an ideal that is not merely political, and not merely special in other directions, but that embraces all human interests, of which ideal Internationalism is of the very essence, that the other ideal of national patriotism is really transcended. Now this ideal is undoubtedly present in the notion of an International Socialist Commonwealth. The conceptions, good in themselves, underlying working-class organisation as existing in our present *bourgeois* society, not less than those of the organisation of intellectual aims, are insufficient when not based upon the reorganisation of the economic structure of society

by the communisation of the material conditions of life, and cemented by the recognition of an International Commonwealth as the supreme object of allegiance. In the latter alone can the old ideal of the Nation-State as supreme be transcended.

This ideal is obviously International in a different sense from that in which science, or art, or the "republic of letters" (to use the old expression), can be said to be international. These latter are only international in a special and negative sense. As before said, they are not international in principle—*i.e.*, in a positive sense. Since the rise of national States, the modern Socialist Party for the first time in history has proclaimed Internationalism as a principle. The modern Nation-State, from its first appearance in human affairs, has tended to draw all things into its compass. Its political parties, Liberal or Conservative, have been national parties, its economic interests have been national interests, its religion, at least so far as it has been Protestant, and often apart from this, has been a national religion. The Socialist Party alone has proclaimed itself international as a party.

During the Middle Ages, when national States in the modern sense did not obtain, there also existed what, for want of a better word, we may term an international organisation and movement as such, to wit, the Catholic Church. But the rise of the modern Nation struck it its death-blow in its old form. In the form in which it recovered itself after what is known as the Counter-Reformation it was no longer the same. While nominally keeping up its old international tradition, its interests have led it more and more to pander to national prejudices on occasion. This has been noticeable during the present war. The wealth which the Papal Chair, and the Catholic Church organisation generally, derives from portions of Germany, and more especially from Austria, has caused the Roman Curia to side largely with the Central Powers in the present struggle. Modern Catholicism has, therefore, ceased to be a disinterested international factor in human affairs. Its attitude towards modern Nation-States is dictated by its own material interests.

Up to now, then, during a period of the supremacy of the Nation-State as the incarnation of power and the supreme object of devotion of all those born under it, the Human or International point of view was not represented till the rise of modern Socialism. The practical breakdown, for the time being, of the international idea by the defection of a considerable section of the leaders of the German Social Demo-

cratic Party, though it cannot be regarded otherwise than as a serious check, by no means signifies the defeat of Internationalism, as some writers on the war would like to represent it. The events of the war, though on one side they may have helped to strengthen Nationalism, have on another side distinctly helped to lay the foundation of a new Internationalism as forming part of the Socialist ideal in a manner never known before. The Russian Revolution has distinctly brought this fact into prominence. With the advent of the first Russian Revolutionary Government and the forces behind it to power, we see for the first time in the world's history the attempt officially made to subordinate national interests to international morality. This is of very great significance, however much we may, as I think legitimately, criticise the particular applications of these principles of international ethics made by certain leaders of the Russian Revolution to the existing situation. The general formulation of principles is excellent, but, like all abstract formulæ, they are applicable to real conditions only, "other things equal." They presuppose, that is, free, mutually respecting States; but where an aggressive Power is in question they cease to apply. Just as in civil life the liberty of the individual recognised as the basis of modern civil polity is recognised as only operative for the unaggressive individual. It does not apply to the aggressive individual—*i.e.*, the criminal—the condition of civil polity having been broken by him.

So it is with States in international polity. The ethical conditions of international polity cease to exist for the State which by its own act has placed itself outside them. If coercion is right in the case of a criminal individual, it is right in the case of a criminal State. This is a point that many of our Russian friends, even of the first period of the Revolution, seemed to forget. But making all allowance for errors due to the attempt to apply general ethical formulæ in a hard-and-fast manner without regard to the logic of facts, it remains an epoch-making event in human history when a great modern nation like the Russian, dared, in the midst of a still *bourgeois* world, to proclaim the Socialist principle of international ethics, rather than national interest, as the basis of its foreign policy. So far as it goes, this is a significant symptom of the beginning of the change from the supremacy, material and ideal, of the Nation-State to that of the universal Commonwealth of Nations—from Nationalism to Internationalism or Supernationalism.

A Recollection of President Wilson

By Edith G. Reid

At one of our relaxed moments this autumn I was sitting with three or four old friends in my long drawing-room. It was late in the afternoon—the tea hour, when the heavy curtains had been drawn, the fire lighted, and, though Hoover's card stuck in the window, there was enough food for comfort with consistency. Our thoughts and voices had dropped to the point of fatigue when someone remarked that Sargent was painting a portrait of Mr. Wilson. My memory went down the long years, meeting him gently, with a glow of the heart here and there, hearing his voice, remembering his vivid thoughts, until I came to the moment when I first consciously saw him. It was like taking up an old daguerreotype, and I wondered how Sargent's late portrait would compare with my early mental picture. Long I stayed with my friend that afternoon—long after the others had gone and my fire had smouldered. Would Mr. Sargent have the realising imagination to see back to the beginning and follow the thread of his life until it brought him up to the man of to-day? Certainly, if Mr. Sargent catches the spirit of his subject, the portrait will but emphasise the dominant note that was struck in his youth; for there has been a singular continuity in the life of our President. In the ideals and purposes of his life there has been no variableness, neither shadow of turning. The tall young fellow, who carried his body with a certain diffident courtesy, never physically treading on your toes, was free mentally—there he led. I recall him as he came up, a graduate student, to the Johns Hopkins University, doubtless poorly equipped with this world's goods, but too wholesome for that to matter.

Nothing and nobody in those early days could hold Mr. Wilson long from his life's quest. His spiritual and mental impulses were, in a sense, inspirations, and would sweep on past and over minor matters. He had not that quality so lauded by Americans—the quality of *push*—he was too scholarly for that; but there was a tremendous momentum in this young man that carried him from a simple student, with a very small haversack on his back, his assets in his brain

—carried him to the presidency of Princeton, to fight for the democracy of opportunity; to the governorship of New Jersey, to force just government; to the presidency of the United States, to hold steadily above a distracted world the scales of universal justice. As the smallness of his student's room mattered not at all, provided he could think and write, so the bigness of the White House, if he keep true to himself, is merely a vantage ground from which to do his work for humanity.

My daguerreotype shows a tall young man, whose clothes —one has to mention his clothes—were put on with so obvious a desire to show due respect to the function that he was attending, with so little thought for himself. He would never have done for a tailor's advertisement; but, though his clothes were too big for him, he was immeasurably too big for his clothes. That Georgia tailor proved so obviously that no amount of disregard to the anatomy of his victim could matter in the very least. Mr. Wilson was—he simply *was*. His kindly, humorous, intellectual face, so young, but so full of power; his graciousness of manner, so full of consideration and with so little of condescension, showed plainly the hall-marks of his ancestry, Southern, Scotch, Irish, American—he looked them all: Southern, by those dreadful clothes and gentle manners; Scotch, by stiff integrity; Irish, by his humour; and American, in being at once full of idealism and of practical common sense.

Our acquaintance warmed into friendship, strange to say, at one of those functions devised, I believe, to show how cowed can become the spirit of man, how brave the spirit of woman—a big evening reception. Women ordained them, men attend them, because of some woman. We had been squeezed to the very wall of our hostess's pretty drawing-room and sank upon some mercifully left-over seats. The centre of the room had become an arena, where the odds were up as to whether the untrained gentlemen waiters could successfully balance plates of olio, broiled oysters, and chicken croquettes, and carry them deftly over the heads of the company, finally depositing them, charged with their perilous stuff, into the hands of their chosen fair ones. We, from our cosy corner, watched with keenest interest the heroes and heroines of this, to me, memorable evening. The company became merely a pageant for our delight. We wondered what it was all about—whether the people had food at home, that they should struggle and suffer for it like that.

We were both of us young then and wished to be very wise—I, gay, arrogant, undisciplined; he, very humble, for he was already in harness, and his fresh, creative mind bowed to wisdom. He studied his premises and weighed his conclusions. But the trivial only held him as the lightest of surface comedies; he quickly cut through them to the great problems of past, present, and future. The unessential held him hardly at all; but, because of his humour, his talk was never ponderous; and also because of a certain vitalising quality that was his in a degree I have never known in any other person. He was subjective only inasmuch as he minded your blame and cared for your praise; for the rest, he was purely objective. The big problems of humanity consumed him; they were so much bigger than himself that he forgot himself. Never in the world was it truer of anyone than of him that he had a vision, but that he kept his feet on the ground; and that makes the order of person who arrives and carries others with him.

Mr. Wilson was not an individualist. It was not for the love of one child, but for the love of all children, that their problems concerned him. Not the problem of one favoured and dear youth, but the problems of all youth, fired him; not the development of the South alone, but the development of his entire country, absorbed him. He saw things in large proportions, and his constructive imagination was not that of the adventurer or even the explorer; it was that of the pioneer, with the pioneer's dauntless courage—but caution. Beyond the felled forest and cut paths and dangers overcome he saw peaceful homes, and thrifty farms, and simple, unsophisticated schools, and spires of little churches.

From early youth he had in his mind the ardent desire to show to his country what he read in the motives, and accomplishments, and defeats of the Civil War. Southern by birth and breeding, he was never provincial—there was no muddling of mind and heart. He loved his country from east to west, from north to south, and looked out with clear eyes to the universal problems of the United States. A democratic University was his ideal. He felt that knowledge led to wisdom, and wisdom to righteousness; and that was a road which all who would should be able to take without handicap; and so, with a carelessness of self-interest that was simply amazing he struck mighty blows, that there should be no sign "Private Property" marked over this great highway. Only apparently was he defeated, for his strokes are still echoing and every college in the land has stopped and listened.

I must mention one quality that told for peace and comfort in small matters, and will be of inestimable benefit in great matters—his consideration for the people about him. He had a sweet tolerance, a kindly courtesy. He made few personal demands. He was one of the few great men I have known that you could forget if you were in the house with him; for, though his time was not yours, he did not expect yours to be his. "Live and let live" was his motto.

In the delineation of character it is perhaps well to eliminate your "buts." You generally hear that someone is a fine fellow—*but*. I have looked well to my "buts," and I have found them negligible. Mr. Wilson has, perhaps, too great confidence in his fellow man. It is as difficult for our President to believe a man a liar as it is for our late President to believe one truthful. Nevertheless, if he sometimes fails to understand the individual, he understands that more subtle thing—the personality of the mass.

The years that are past—are any years past? The promise that we give in our youth, are we not bound to fulfil? I lay my daguerreotype aside. My fire is spent to a mass of glowing embers; so the night will come and with it the dead ashes, but they will serve to warm another flame. Around this hearth many friends have gathered—most of them with some quality that has made their lives at least not negligible. Mr. Wilson was one of them, and he made us see him as I have depicted him. He struck a note that we all heeded; he showed us a light that we are following. If we have so lived and spoken that we have become to people an ideal, we must continue the character to the very end; the rights and the wrongs of it must be settled in another world; we have given a promise and incurred a debt.

The impression Mr. Wilson made upon his friends he has made upon the nation. To be the mind, and heart, and soul inarticulate of a nation is a great and lonely task. God help him.

The All-Highest

By Edward Garnett

The All-Highest, with a sheet of note-paper in his gloved hand, opened the polished door of his *cabinet de travail*, shut it, and passed down the silent saloon. His look was fixed, his walk was indecisive. Suddenly he arrested his steps, folded his right arm on his breast, and stood there, drawing himself up while he surveyed his Imperial figure gazing back at him from the great gilt mirror that hung on the further wall of the saloon.

Pellucid light fell upon the mirror, streaming through the open portholes, through which he could see a breadth of calm, sunlit sea and the line of the cloudless horizon. The saloon itself with its walnut panelling inlaid with the Imperial eagle in ebony plaques, its green silk hangings, bronze lamps, and the great silver bowl full of roses that stood in the centre of the long table, was empty save for that silent, updrawn figure intently regarding itself. On rising the All-Highest had dressed himself as usual in a yachting suit of blue serge, white-braided, with naval cap and tan shoes; but after lunch, while sitting at his desk staring at the lines of unfinished, erased sentences, he had thrown down the quill on the blotting-pad, and ringing for his valet had ordered him to lay out his favourite uniform as Colonel of the First Regiment of Guards. In uniform the War Lord had ever felt his spirit quickened, his speech sharpened, his bearing dignified. And now from that waiting image in the glass, with the Order of the Black Eagle gleaming on its breast, he sought the answer to his halting indecision. Should he or should he not, flash the signal of war?

The mine was laid. There on his bureau, hidden under a dozen confidential reports from the European capitals, lay the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia—ready. Nobody in the Wilhelmstrasse, not the Chancellor nor Herr von Jagow, yet divined its existence. The All-Highest had concerted it secretly with the high Austrian nobles—this determination to roll Serbia in the dust in revenge for the assassination of Sarajevo. The war eagles had gathered for the prey. The

Central Empires were ready. Should he launch the thunderbolt? Peace or war was in his—the All-Highest's—hands.

The All-Highest threw back his head and saw the image in the glass repeating the gesture, challenging with keen falcon eye all who might dare to question his will. A wave of elation shot through the All-Highest's volatile soul. He had sought the mirror to see how he appeared in the eyes of men, and his reflection had given him belief in himself! The Royal actor's lips parted in exultation as he scanned his own severe, haughty pose of majesty. There, surely, was the Man!

His faith was his Hohenzollern glory. All else he doubted. His will, his Imperial purpose, his wreathing his own brows with the laurels of his Hohenzollern ancestors, his declarations of "the Emperor's word," of himself as "God's Vice-Regent upon earth," and "the Destiny of his House," all these were as flowing theatrical robes in which he wrapped his own instability. And yet, beneath his passion for the limelight in which his vanity postured, lay the arrogant craft of the Prussian official. But, despite all his sabre-rattlings, the All-Highest knew that no warrior was he! At parades, reviews, regimental banquets, yes! when his officers raised their glasses, shouting "*Hoch! der Kaiser!*"—then, indeed, he felt in his actor's soul that he was their War Lord, that he must some day lead the thundering squadron on the battlefield. But when night came and he was alone he recoiled from war and its bloody harvest of agony, disease, death. Truly, sincerely might he say that he had kept his people and Europe at peace.

But now for three years he had watched with growing distrust the tide of war-like feeling swelling, mounting fervently in the German breast. He had striven to keep it in check, not to be borne away lightly on the War Party's turbulent flood. And what was his guerdon? Hostile whisperings at his elbow, voices of dark disbelief everywhere, nay, even of veiled derision to his face. He, the All-Highest, was sneered at, accused of vacillating indecision. He who had never ceased working to establish the Fatherland's power over land and sea! He had ground his teeth in mortification. The voices had stabbed his vanity to the quick. He who had sworn that men should yet see and applaud him as Hero-King! For desire for applause was still, as ever, the pivot of his being.

And yesterday the wound to his darling self-love had

been laid bare by the assassin's knife. The sanctity of the Royal person, the Kingship by the grace of God, the Divine Right of the Ruler, all had been struck at at Sarajevo. After his first wrathful incredulity the All-Highest had masked in icy calmness the deep stab, the laceration. He had seen in a flash his opportunity to be in the centre of the world picture. As conqueror with his legions! to move with and hear the plaudits of the whole German people! They should see him as their defender, as Imperator Victor! His left, impotent hand sought the hilt of his sword as he murmured to himself his regimental watchword: "The dry powder and the sharp sword! Huzza for our object! Let us banish pessimists from our midst!"

Suddenly he started. A seagull circling round the yacht, close to the porthole, had emitted a melancholy, raucous cry. Was it an omen? The All-Highest frowned disdainfully, and lo! a sombre, tragic shadow darkened the face in the mirror. It spoke to the Royal actor's sense of the Kingship's never-finished, unending toils and labours, of the Monarch's isolation, of his responsibility before God—for war. The words "Before God, I do not will it!" issued slowly from his parted lips, and the image, too, lowered its head in solemn acquiescence. War? The All-Highest shut his eyes, and in his lively fancy floated again his old vision of a great battlefield, another Sedan, littered with thousands of corpses, of men dying convulsed, amidst broken cannons, caissons, with groups of captured prisoners, while he, the War Lord, came riding slowly with his staff of Generals, gazing sternly from his visor upon the field of carnage. "Before God, I do not will it," he protested, feeling that he was the centre of that terrible, yet glorious scene; and a mysterious sense of Fate seemed to swell in his heart as he heard the solemn German battle hymn float over the field, from all his field-grey legions. Often he had repelled that tempting picture in former years, yet now his words, "I do not will it," seemed to lift the burden of responsibility from the Imperial actor's heart. What if God willed it? And suddenly the All-Highest felt himself impelled onward by a mysterious inner force. Was it not Destiny, his Destiny? What was to be would be. Was it not his task to lead the German people through the flame and smoke of battle to their world destiny? A phrase from one of his speeches flashed into his volatile mind, "We are the salt of the earth. We must show ourselves worthy of our great destiny!" He smiled craftily,

the whites of the eyes of the image gleamed in the mirror, his mouth was contorted affectedly beneath his thick moustache. Raising his gloved hand imperiously the Royal actor cried: "*Ein frischer, fröhlicher Krieg!*" And, to himself, as he tripped away from the mirror with mincing, king-like steps, the All-Highest repeated triumphantly: "This time none of them will be able to accuse me of indecision!"

Did, indeed, the destinies of the civilised world, the fate of great Empires, the misery of millions of helpless families, the death and agony of tens of millions of brave men who had no quarrel with one another; did, indeed, the avalanche of destruction and ruin, and the vast catastrophe to European civilisation, hang at the mercy of this little man mouthing and posturing before the mirror on the Imperial yacht? And at the mercy of his rival conspirator, the feeble, obstinate little man in Petrograd, walled in by his ring of crafty, retrograde politicians, obsessed by his inherited autocratic myopia?

Would the great avalanche have fallen upon Europe without the work of these little men's hands in releasing it?

Did the bloody carnage of a thousand battlefields hang upon the one's vanity and the other's irresolution?

The finger of Fate has turned bloody page after page. And pages as dreadful lie before us.

March 25th, 1918.

McCudden, the Airman V.C.

By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie

Only a boy. A dapper little person, all smiles and simplicity. Just a jolly, healthy-minded boy of twenty-three, who left school at thirteen to become a drummer-boy in the Royal Engineers, where his elder brother was a sergeant. Later, that brother went into the Flying Corps as a mechanic, and in 1913 Jimmy, or, as his friends called him, "Mac" followed him, also as a mechanic, going out to France with the squadron early in the war.

It seems impossible to think he was actually dead in France on Tuesday afternoon (July 9th), he, the boy who had been smiling in my room on Tuesday morning as proud as Punch of the Major's Crown he had just had fixed to his shoulder. Dead—not from fighting a Hun—for this most experienced flyer and fighter met his death through an accident, only a simple accident. He, the boy covered with ribbons, killed as any novice might have been killed.

He had landed in France. Reported himself at Headquarters, and went off again, apparently in the same machine, to join the squadron to which he had just been appointed Major. He had hardly risen from the ground before the spectators noticed something was wrong. The machine swerved, flew low, and behold, caught in some trees, to be followed by a crash. Poor McCudden was dragged out dangerously hurt and insensible, to die that evening at eight o'clock on French soil, the scene of his former glories, but not chasing the enemy as he would have wished, alas! He was buried as a Catholic, and lies not far from so many of his former triumphs—notably in the winter of 1917-8.

Asking him, a few weeks ago, why he was so anxious to get back to France, and was working against all obstacles to do so, he replied "Well, you see, I have only brought down fifty-seven Huns—and perhaps twenty or thirty more not properly authenticated—and Richthofen got eighty-one; so I *must* get back and outstrip his record. It's no good saying Germans can't fight, they can. I know all about every fight

I ever had, and at least five first-class German pilots I can remember."

And what was the origin of McCudden's success? Hero worship. He adored his elder brother. That brother influenced his life. He told young Mac what was worth doing was worth doing well. Inspired him with the right kind of ambition, the ambition to attain but not at the expense of others, merely by his own thoroughness, and seizing the right opportunity. And so the future V.C. climbed slowly from bugler boy to be a great pioneer air fighter. He much regretted his scanty schooling, and said "I always wish I had had the advantage of a public school. After I joined the officers' mess I often felt ill at ease when chaps were talking about things I didn't understand." And yet his thoroughness was such that every French name and every Englishman's name in his MS. is correctly spelt, and, beyond a few grammatical mistakes, it wants little or no editing. It is a plain tale plainly told by its own hero, who did not even know he was the hero. And yet McCudden fought well-nigh 200 aerial fights, and twice actually downed four Huns in a day, and once got three single-seaters in twenty minutes. He was the son of an old fighter, for his father has had twenty-nine years' service in the Army and, like two of his sons, won medals himself. A fine family record.

McCudden has written a book. I wish I could quote from the MS. before me, but the public will have to wait a little for this intensely interesting human document. This book is a wonderful production. He came to me some weeks ago, with an introduction from my son, to ask how many words would be wanted, etc. "Sixty to eighty thousand" was my reply. He looked aghast—not having the slightest idea how many he had scribbled in pencil, on both sides of the page, in a sort of copy-book. It was hardly an author's manuscript, but the very simplicity of the style of that 1,000 words was its charm, and showed his capacity for doing a thoroughly readable book describing five years in the Royal Flying Corps from the bottom rung to the top pinnacle.

Back to Scotland he went to do more, and actually managed to write 40,000 in three weeks, in spite of his daily instructing for fighting pilots. One evening (June 10th) he walked in again, about 10.30 p.m., looking very red and sunburnt, with the precious new material under his arm. He had left Scotland that afternoon, and had flown 400 miles in two hours and three quarters, had had a bath and some

food and explained that the wind, luckily a following one which allowed 140 miles an hour, had caught his face and the sun had scorched it.

"There," he said, "are 40,000 words more, and written in pencil on *one* side of the paper only, and I've been its aerial postman," with a merry laugh. He had wonderful eyes; the dark blue iris seemed to cover the entire pupil, and his long eye-lashes were darker than his fair hair. He was a good-looking boy, but what really impressed one more was his straight-forward way, thoroughness, good calm common sense, his honesty of purpose and his youthful joy of life. There was no swank about him. He had simple manners, and spoke in a simple way with true sportsmanlike spirit.

"I'm sure now the war will be a long one," he said. "I don't intend to take any unnecessary risks with dashing stunts, I mean to kill Huns, but at my own time; I won't bustle or do anything foolish like my brother who was killed sixteen weeks ago." And yet he was killed in an accident.

My last recollection of him—and that one only a few hours before he was killed—was a smiling young man rushing off to his waiting taxi "as I've a crowd of little odds and ends to do before I pick up my machine, but I'll be back in three months, and hope my book will be out before then. I'll send you a line from France to-morrow."

This was the third son lost in the Air Force by those splendid Irish parents, and the loss of McCudden, V.C., is not only their loss but a loss to the nation.

The Tragedy of Ireland

By Merlin

It is difficult to say anything about Ireland, because in the atmosphere of plot, counter-plot and conspiracy reason abdicates, and what remains is prejudice. In England men believe—they do not know, because only one Englishman in ten thousand takes the trouble to find out the true situation in Ireland, reads Irish newspapers, etc.—that Sinn Fein is in active collusion with the enemy; that the Irish are, therefore, traitors; that martial law is, consequently, the only remedy; and in truth the state of Ireland is well-nigh desperate, and things are back in the slough of a hundred years ago. The situation is now complicated in the extreme on account of the refusal of the Irish to join the Army, and the refusal on this side of what used to be called Liberalism to stand for the principle of Home Rule. With the break of that principle—which incidentally, though it is not yet recognised here, destroyed Liberalism—Ireland, too, has broken into conditions of chaos and sulky negativism, in which the only live thing seems to be the record of martyrs as they are made individually and collectively by the policy of Ulster Protestant ascendancy.

The position to-day is the return to the Battle of the Boyne attitude of Pitt and Castlereagh, or the triumph of Sir E. Carson. As we know the entire Irish Executive have been removed; the Chief Secretary, the Commander of the Forces, and the Lord Chancellor: the whole Catholic personnel. Its character is revealed at once when we see that the new Lord Chancellor of Ireland is Sir James Campbell, well known in Ireland as the "Legal Assessor" to the Ulster Provisional Government in 1914, a self-declared rebel. He said at Swansea, on March 13th, 1914: "Civil war was the path of danger, but it was also the path of duty; and he was convinced that no other alternative was left to the Loyalists of Ulster. Thus we find the Legal Assessor of Ulster rebellion to-day Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

The next outstanding fact is the plot, the evidence of which the Prime Minister has declared no "taunts" will

drive the Government to produce. Here we swallow it all, because it is Irish and we have real cause to be angry; but here, again, there is grave matter for thought. No less a man than Lord Wimborne, late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, said in the House of Lords (June 20th): "It is somewhat strange, in view of the highly specialised means of obtaining information which have recently existed in Ireland, that *neither I, nor, as far as I am aware, any other member of the late Irish Executive, was aware of the existence of this plot until it was discovered by the British Government.*"

No reasonable man can fail to be struck by these words, uttered by an official who was in the best position to have all the facts at his disposal and yet knew nothing. We cannot pass over this evidence. Lord Wimborne has not even a German aunt to whip him with; he is an Englishman, and he states that the Executive know nothing about this plot, and at the same time Mr. Lloyd George refuses to publish the evidence which all England would rejoice to read. What does this mean?

If the Government possess evidence of actual treason clearly it is their duty to produce it and to enforce the penalty. In war treason cannot be played with. If the Sinn Fein leaders are guilty of treason nothing would justify our coercion policy so easily before the world as the proof of their guilt. Why is this secrecy pursued? Over 200 Irishmen have been arrested on this charge; not one has been tried; no evidence has been produced, and the late Irish Executive confess to complete ignorance of the conspiracy. This is all the more extraordinary because nothing would justify Protestant Ulster's attitude more intelligently than the clear proof of Catholic Irish treason. Yet Ulster is denied this satisfaction. It becomes a "taunt" to ask for proof. Treason has been committed, yet no man is to hang. Why? How is it Sir E. Carson does not insist upon the publication of guilt? The merest proof would vindicate him and Ulster to the hilt. It is refused. This is hard on Ulster. There is surely no lack of hemp. Where is the "hidden hand" that protects these traitors?

Now, only the other day, the Prime Minister was assuring us that he staked all on the Convention which failed because Ulster *blocked* all progress all the time. And, when that expedient had failed—failed simply because Ulster intended it to fail—Mr. Lloyd George made an impassioned speech and announced his policy of conscription, plus an airy promise to

bring in a Home Rule Bill, though there was no connection, he hastened to declare, between the two policies. More, the Prime Minister told us he would stand no nonsense. He really seemed at last to have an Irish policy, and Ulster was delighted. That was in April—before the Sinn Fein plot had been discovered, so that Mr. Lloyd George had promised to introduce a Home Rule Bill before the plot had been discovered, which led to the arrest of the Sinn Fein leaders, with its inevitable consequence, the dropping of the Home Rule promise. Then, again, we have a change. With the establishment of an ascendancy régime, conscription and Home Rule are dropped, and there is the case of the man Dowling, landed from a submarine. But here, again, we have a mystery. This man was landed almost a week before the Home Rule Bill was announced in Parliament, so that the question arises as to the connection of this man with the plot and, if so, why in the circumstances was Home Rule proceeded with? There is still no explanation. We do not know. All that we do know is that Sir E. Carson celebrated the 12th of July in Belfast with a carnival of drum-beating, according to the tradition, apparently adopting the Sinn Fein motto of reliance "upon ourselves"—and that is all. Lord Wimborne's indictment remains unanswered. The "traitors" remain unhung, one of them in the interval having been elected to Parliament. The Convention is dropped. Conscription is dropped. Home Rule is dropped. Ireland is made practically a barred zone. Our Press says nothing. We have returned to the methods of Castlereagh, which consisted in pitting Protestant against Catholic, perhaps the only point of humour in the whole dreary business being Mr. Lloyd George's twit that the Irish hadn't a language, even while the police are forbidding the Irish to try to sing songs in their own tongue. In Ireland the situation is anarchy. Sir E. Carson, who never goes to his constituency in Dublin, has won all along the line.

Can this condition last? Indefinitely, no. If volunteers do not come forward, the position will grow worse until the point of enforcing conscription is reached, and when that crisis arises we shall be faced with catastrophe. Even the Government must be aware of that. But will a catastrophe clear the air? All the lessons of history point to the contrary. Ireland is our test of sincerity or statesmanship, and Ireland cannot be solved on the lines of coercion. We may drift into the attempt, and probably we shall be com-

pelled to; many men here openly say the sooner the better. Yet that is simply because they have never studied the Irish problem, have never been to Ireland, and look upon the whole matter as a standing nuisance. It is the great difficulty in the default of Liberalism. When Mr. Asquith in 1914 yielded to Ulster insistency and refused to put in force the law of the land, he laid the foundations of the trouble which led to Sinn Fein. He undermined the logic of the Irish Nationalist Party, and smashed Liberalism here. This defection left us without balance, so opening the floodgates of religious partisanship and neutralising the policy of the last thirty years. Since then he has failed to challenge Mr. Lloyd George's opportunism, and so to-day there is no principle and, consequently, no policy. Ireland has slipped back into the morass of sullen opposition of the Union period because we failed to govern on any principle and, alternatively, failed to allow her self-government. The policy which in 1914 started out with the Press advertisements: "Only Protestants and Unionists eligible" for the army, thereby antagonising the Catholic Irish, has drifted into the negation of policy, that is, military rule.

Now this war is being fought for a great world principle, and its control has passed absolutely to America. That is the truth we must, if only in our own interests, face. Sooner or later we shall be brought up against the sincerity of our own ideals, the acid test of which lies directly in Ireland. That problem can only be solved by sincerity. It can never be solved by setting up a Minority Government based upon religious preference, still less can it be solved by the dodges and tactics of politicians. We have tried the dodges and tactics for six hundred years. Over a hundred years ago the Protestants and Catholics of Ireland had become friends; they were deliberately split and reantagonised by the policy of Pitt and Castlereagh. That is the position again at this hour. The Orange Society, which was founded in 1795, once more governs, ensconced in the tradition of what is to-day styled Unionism.

The rebels of 1914 are thus our masters and the masters of Ireland; but for them Sinn Fein would never have been heard of. That is the brutal truth. We can continue to drift until we reach catastrophe, if we so desire, but it will be a catastrophe of the gravest Imperial consequence. For it will strike at the root principle of our Imperial attachments, and it will clash with the ideals and sanction of America.

The War Office and Mr. H. A. Barker

By Austin Harrison

THE case of the celebrated bonesetter, Mr. H. A. Barker, has reached a point which is not only ridiculous but positively humiliating to the national sense. For many years Mr. Barker has practised until to-day his fame is a byword, and at his house one can meet a procession of patients, admirals, generals, peers, M.P.'s etc.—and doctors; and the cures he effects are literally the astonishment of the medical faculty. So much is admitted. Many distinguished surgeons have seen him operate and recognise his genius. In the profession (European and American), manipulative surgery is now acknowledged to be an important development of surgery; indeed, there is little opposition to this science or art for the simple reason that so many men and women are walking about whole who failed to get cured in the hands of the profession and the specialist. Mr. Barker, then, is accepted as a scientist. The suffering public regard him as a wonder-worker. In short, any sensible man who suffers from a displaced cartilage, to cite one instance, goes automatically to Barker, who performs his astonishing forty-seconds operation, which, incidentally, no other practitioner in the country can do; for surgeons can only attempt to bring about the desired result by an operation with the aid of the knife, which means weeks of disablement, and sometimes a stiff joint for life.

Mr. Barker is thus a bloodless surgeon. He manipulates. His science is essentially personal; it is therefore an art; now because it is an art, a rebel or unaccredited development, there is a difficulty.

Let me explain exactly what is meant by this definition of art. Six months ago I came in touch with a major who had been wounded in 1914 and had suffered increasing pain ever since. His arm had shrunk. Shooting pains through the shoulder and back prevented him from sleeping; for two years he had been discharged, and when I first saw him he was in a very low physical and mental condition. In addition to the army surgeons, three specialists had treated him, but in vain; the pain had increased; he spoke to me of suicide.

I suggested Mr. Barker; and then for two months we did

not meet. The next time I saw him he was worse; thin, pale, neurasthenic. This time I gave him a letter of introduction. Yet still he hesitated—a "bonesetter," he said, "well, I'm going to see Sir —— ——, and if he can't do me any good, I'll go."

Two months later I again met him; he was fatter, robust, all smiles.

"I'm cured," he told me. "I walked out of Barker's room for the first time without pain for two and a half years."

A few weeks afterwards he was playing tennis. Mr. Barker, when questioned, told me it was a simple trouble—a tendon displacement.

Here is a case, one of the many, where Mr. Barker's knowledge and manipulative address constitute at once a science and an art, because the science alone would not be sufficient, except for diagnosis, the cure being effected by his remarkable tactual skill; which, of course, is a personal faculty, not necessarily acquirable or even communicable. And this is the difficulty—the artist-healer never went through the schools.

Because he has not passed the ordinary medical examinations he is banned. He cannot put up a plate. He is barred by the profession, who have outrageously attacked him. And his anæsthetist has been struck off the medical rolls for assisting a man who is not technically entitled to practise.

Such is the position. On principle, the faculty have a case, but—and this is the real question—the faculty are supposed to be scientific, and, consequently, they know that science never stands still. In standing upon a technicality they are, in Mr. Barker's case, deliberately opposing progress. For the sake of a provision rightly legalised in the interests of science, they are refusing science; they are placing a restriction upon the development of knowledge; they are acting exactly as the Church acted in the case of Galileo.

Their position has been defined again and again, and always it comes down to the simple point: Mr. Barker has not passed his examinations; ergo, Mr. Barker is to be banned. Now here the profession are challenging their own scientific faith. When they say Mr. Barker must pass his examinations before "we accredit" him, they are thinking of law, not of science. *No surgeon could examine Mr. Barker in the manipulation of the human body*—which is the only side of surgery he practises in—because no surgeon is in the same class as Barker with regard to tactual or manipulative

technique, because surgery has been hitherto a question of the knife.

To ban Barker because he has not been through his course of examinations, studied midwifery, lockjaw, the inoculations of streptococci, pyorrhœa, gastritis, etc., and so prepared himself to be an all-round practitioner, whereas he has nothing to do with the prescription or preparation of medicines, nothing to do with fevers, nothing to do with the "flu," or appendicitis, or the now fashionable colitis, with the heart or the stomach or the liver, or bacteriology, or 606, and nothing to do with the knife, is to say that no man shall be allowed to further medical science—that is, to assist humanity—unless he happens to have spent seven years as a student passing the ordinary examinations which do not touch upon Mr. Barker's highly specialised technique, either medically or clinically. It comes to this. The ban upon Barker is a defiance of science. It means that if a man arose who could cure consumption by massage, he would be denounced as a fraud unless he had passed his examinations; or if a man, not a qualified doctor, discovered a serum which cured cancer or parasyphilis, or discovered the origins of life, or found a remedy for arterial decay, he would have to be banned, no matter how many cancerous people got cured—which is to say that human disease is the monopoly of a profession, which obviously is the negation of science. It is all the more anomalous to-day, because the chief progress made of late years in medical science has come from bacteriologists who are chemists, precisely as Barker is a chemist of the bone.

Now the truth is that to-day many doctors have begun to study elementary physio-therapy. The Swedish masseurs have broken down the old-fashioned prejudice against manipulation, so that in those pleasant homes of rest and milk diet where women specialists send their nerve and neurotic patients to-day there is generally a mild course of massage, which, as a friend who went through a cure described it to me, is quite the jolliest thing there. Most doctors *know* that Mr. Barker can do things they do not even pretend to understand. Some go to him and get cured. A few of them actually send patients to him. In conversation they admit Barker's genius, only "the fellow hasn't passed his examinations." Such is the quandary.

I submit that it is time the profession adopted a scientific

attitude and conferred upon Mr. Barker an honorary degree. Thousands of soldiers are walking about maimed, crippled, half men, many of whom Mr. Barker could make whole men. Yet he is not allowed to. The War Office, while withdrawing the ban on bonesetting as such, have still not recognised Mr. Barker specifically, no doubt acting upon the advice of the profession, although Mr. Barker has offered to place his services at the disposal of the War Office for nothing. Can anything be more foolish than this negative recognition. It is also a real danger, because now any man can put up a plate with results that may be anything but advantageous. And yet the matter is so simple. The only difficulty is the technicality, which in Barker's case is an acknowledged absurdity, for I doubt whether any surgeon would venture to examine him on the technique of bonesetting; but this difficulty could be disposed of at once by specific recognition. Manipulative surgery, of course, is a development or extension of surgery which the profession hitherto have paid only slight attention to. It has, therefore, passed beyond their ken into the hands of a few men who have themselves passed beyond the standard of the ordinary examinations and are thus in the absurd position of scientific outlaws. Their skill is not disputed; only because these men have not emerged from within the faculty they are banned in the absence of a diploma.

The public on the other hand do not care one whit for the medical ban. They go to Barker because he cures them. Surely this paradox cannot be allowed to continue.

If it does continue, the profession will expose themselves to the suspicion that they do not care for science or humanity because they are thinking chiefly of the profession; and that would be a very unfortunate position for them to accept. Scientifically, they cannot accept it; their duty primarily is to the public. Their conscience to-day clearly forces them to a change of attitude towards the accepted leading manipulative surgeon in this country.

Because, actually and scientifically, they do accept Mr. Barker. When, therefore, a doctor writes to the papers to point out the technical flaw in Mr. Barker's equipment, he, *ipso facto*, rules himself out as a scientific man. He implies that, no matter how great Mr. Barker's knowledge is, and, no matter how much human suffering he can alleviate, he must be banned *not for a scientific reason but for a technical one.* Such a doctor is, consequently, frustrating the progress of his

own noble profession, and frustrating the public from deriving proper advantage from such progress, and in this he is serving neither science nor humanity.

A growing number of doctors and surgeons feel this acutely. I submit, then, in the interests of the many soldiers whom Mr. Barker could restore to full health and condition, that the General Medical Council should recognise Mr. Barker's quite personal genius and eschew the technical difficulty by conferring an honorary degree upon him, so that the War Office could avail themselves of Mr. Barker's unrivalled services. So much is clearly demanded to-day by enlightened public opinion. So much is clearly demanded of the profession in the interests of their own scientific position. We make pushing M.P.'s brigadier-generals. The Universities confer honorary degrees on successful public men. To-day the agony of hundreds of maimed soldiers cries to the Medical Council to take the simple and necessary step.

If the Council refuses it will have to face the stigma inseparable from an attitude which is demonstrably and admittedly unscientific.

A Tax on Books

By Austin Harrison

At this hour of agony, when the whole world is searching for a return to reason, an avenue of escape, some flame of inspiration, our "business" Government propose or threaten a tax on books. It is characteristic of our time, a tribute to the mania of war. Each year of it has marked a declension of mind and of the values of the mind. To-day, as we enter the fifth year, the proposal to tax the intellect seems almost a fitting work of legislation; for what, indeed, are books in war but a—luxury!

In the grand Elizabethan age we thought as well as we fought, but this is a financial epoch, and, as the financiers now say, finance is a myth. "Strength," Shakespeare wrote, "is lord of imbecility"; no man would assert as much to-day. We suggest a tax on books because we have come to despise books. They are a trade. And this strange thing we do even as publishers announce translations of the strategic works of Clausewitz and Foch, seeing that we have no classics of that kind of our own. Have we here a clue, or is it, like credit, another myth? Are we, that is, dissociating energy from mind and, if so, what do we imagine is likely to be the quality of that energy?

Only the other day the cry went forth—education. We had made a discovery. The man denounced in his time as a Philistine, Matthew Arnold, had been proved a prophet; we were to get us a "new world," and for that purpose we were to have a higher education. For a while the cry was quite a display. A student of Napoleon became Minister of Education and he set to work on a Bill. It came and fizzled. To-day it seems almost as much in need of help as the derelict Ministry of Health. We began at the wrong end.

Books recently written had placed the finger on the sore, and rightly they referred to the head, the primary or public

schools, rightly because obviously it is from these schools that the leaders of men come—the example of democracy—and equally obviously, if these men fail, inevitably the masses must fail. All these books on these schools fastened on the central weakness as a training which did not cultivate the zest for knowledge. It was not the specific education that failed, but the direction of and the enthusiasm for education. Admittedly this has been the case with the Army. Admittedly it is the schools which fail to stimulate the desire for knowledge and culture, where the reformer's knife was first needed. It is not to be. These schools which have no specified standards, which are personal and competitive, are to continue unreformed. Only quite low down is there to be a higher standard. Matthew Arnold need not try to turn over and wave a flag. On the contrary his books may be taxed.

The truth is, of course, that never in the history of this country are intelligence and knowledge so much needed as at this hour, when politics threaten to become neurasthenics, and in the "call of the blood" the unthoughtful or lower values of the community rise automatically to the surface in line with the public neurosis. In the phenomena of our Billings and Belshers, sensationalism and rowdyism, our Protestant Ulster reformation, our Propaganda Press, our unknown Ministries, and our orgy of wages as you like and profits as you can, we can descry a disruptive process which has all the elements of anarchy, all the more in that it is not controlled by Government but is becoming more and more the platform for all Government. With the proposal to tax books we find a proposal to set up a Government News Agency or master mind of the Press. To anyone who can realise anything, that means nothing more or less than the policing of the mind and its expression.

The talk—it has not yet become a "stunt"—of the hour is what has been styled "A League of Nations," in regard to which the attention of readers is directed to the essay by Mr. H. N. Brailsford, to whom our prize award has fallen out of over 250 essays that were sent in. I do not know whether an apology is needed, for clearly this is a matter of the intelligence, which only can attain to reality through the intelligence. It may thus be "suspect" matter. Yet Mr. Wilson is reputed to stand for it, and he controls. If so, then it is to

be hoped our "masters" will deign to consider this essay, will not dismiss it as—luxury. I should like to say this about our competition.

That it aroused interest is clear. But there is more than that. The response was curiously wide, essays being sent in from all parts of the country; from women, from the Universities; and all agreed in the view that at last something must be done to bring about a new ethic of State, national and international. The main things aimed at were: (1) The abolition of secret diplomacy; (2) The limitation of armaments; (3) The internationalisation of coloured peoples and their territories; (4) A higher definition of the spiritual force of Imperialism; (5) A truer democratic control; (6) A clearer understanding of national and international right. But these great reforms cannot be carried out by sensation. Here the police are no good. Neither the censor nor the politician can tackle problems such as these. For as force breeds force, so only can spirituality be born through spirituality. Tax books, and we will go back; we cannot advance through the abdication of mind. Control or police the Press, and creative thought must cease and with it all hope of progress. If only our "masters" are to pronounce, men conspicuous for their failures in almost every sphere of thought and administration, the results must be second rate, must therefore ultimately be ephemeral, for finally it is the mind which is the creator. How then are we to reform the world if books are a luxury and our Press is to become the mere reflex of the control? Already our Press has abdicated. It cannot go lower without forfeiting all responsibility and independence. On the other hand, until it recovers both it cannot lead, because without freedom it is shorn of both proportion and intelligence.

As an example of this, consider the story recently published about a U-boat commander who, when taken off declared that the boat was empty, and then, hearing tapping, our sailors found in the submarine, which was about to be sunk, some British prisoners tied together thus diabolically consigned to death. All the papers published this story. It was believed, and excited just execration. But now we learn in the House that the Admiralty know nothing about the tale; no such report was received. Now few papers published the denial and consequently few people know that it was a pure

invention. What are we to say to this? What is the Censor for? Is he there only to suppress facts? This sort of thing infuriates the people, it does immense harm abroad; it still further fosters hate. The question is legitimate: Is this propaganda? If so, who controls the propaganda? This is certainly no way to bring about a League of Nations. It is a sign of weakness. Democracy ought in its own interests to preserve the semblance of dignity; this, like the Kadaver story, discredits us as a nation. Now had we a freer Press such things could not be done. Imagine what stories we shall be told if our Press is completely controlled! Controlled by men we do not know: who work in the dark absolutely without responsibility; who can set up currents of emotion unchecked and undetected; in short, who control our very smiles.

It is a prospect which no sane man can contemplate without a shudder. If books are taxed we only have the Press left to us, but if the Press too is to be treated as a "luxury," then imbecility will be the lord of strength. And imbecility will prove a Bolshevist—or negativist. The strange thing is that never since the war started has the all-round situation military and moral been so clearly indicated or our sacrifice been so amply rewarded. We have "come through." We have fulfilled our destiny in its now definite association with the New World. We have but to summon to our councils the freedom of the mind to set Europe and the world free.

Not books should be taxed, but stupidity. Not thought should be discouraged, but the absence of thought. Our strength, as a civilisation, ultimately must be our mind, and so much we have acknowledged in our acceptance of the challenge of force. Why then deny the moving spirit of that inspiration? It is a deflection, of course, but deflections are the danger in war. Fury is no substitute; fury was the German madness. It led them, we now know, into a monomania, back into the concepts of mediævalism. That it struck against us was our justification. Had we not accepted the challenge, the world would have been thrown back a hundred years; but already it has advanced a hundred years. We can say that with just pride. Yet more is needed. We have to prove it, yet first we must prove ourselves. That is a problem of leadership, of mind, of sincerity. For that test,

the supreme test, we shall need all the help we can raise, otherwise there will be no whole-work. Only a torso will result, a non-spiritual result. But if we open the floodgates of the mind, that victory also will be achieved.

So far we cannot pretend to have evolved much new thought. There is the cry—the land for the people, yet no one seems to have reckoned with that peculiar English problem—the weather, which controls both the land and the farmers. If finance is a myth, wages are not, yet wages rise month by month to meet the rising prices, and the war has become a business. Afterwards—what? Is anybody thinking of the law of the market in its relation to wages, or is the true alternative Socialism? And then? These are matters which demand our serious attention, for if the solution of modern war is orgy, the solution of orgy is anarchy. Our masters, what will they do then, if they are caught "unprepared"? Is any man thinking? I doubt it. We are bidden not—we may soon be forbidden—to think. The movement is all, the mind is nothing. In this formula we accept, as it were, fatalism; which is to say we have no objective. It is the spirit which would tax books and thus eliminate creation. This New World, what will it be without creation? In what way will it differ from the Old World, except in the multiplicity of its complications? Is the solution internationalism—Labour? Or is it a League of Nations? Taxing books will certainly not help us to think. Our law is acquiescence. Our fate may lie in the fortuity of a general election, or mere propaganda. In all this the intelligence of the country seems to have neither voice nor vocation.

The failure of the German offensive—which, if it had succeeded, would unquestionably have set up a very critical situation and one of great strategic disadvantage to our arms—may already be described as an aggressive frustration. All depended upon it for the Germans. Kühlmann had been dismissed in anticipation of its success; the Pan-Germans had once more got "into the saddle"; but it has failed, thanks to General Foch, and once more the Marne has proved the graveyard of German ambitions. Though it is too early yet to assume that its political effects will become manifest in the immediate future, they will do so. Following on the Piave disaster of the Austrians, this abortive offensive on the

Marne implies military failure at the critical month in the critical year of the war, and unless the Germans can recover the strategic initiative and once more obtain an offensive momentum, their hour of fortune will have passed against the rising tide of the American forces who will pour in during the winter. Not that the battles of this year are by any means over, or that the Germans are not likely to hit us exceedingly hard in the still critical months left to them. But —and that is the real point—their third grand attack was conceived and timed for a decision, and it was the last German chance. The decision has fallen to us; it may yet prove the needful correction of the war.

If they cannot wrest the initiative from General Foch again, inevitably they will henceforth be thrown on the *defensive*, and they will perforce realise it. Now that means the admission of failure. It need not end the war, and probably will not; indeed, it may prolong the war, for on the *defensive the Germans will prove enormously strong, if we in our turn assume the purely physical rôle.* The Americans in the recent battles have exceeded all expectations; the Marne will establish the American moral. At this juncture moral is of tremendous importance. No doubt the Germans will make a terrific effort to win back the balance and spirit of attack, but one more failure and they will have definitively failed offensively. That is the new military position, snatched from the enemy by sound generalship and the weight of "Young" America. The lesson will not be lost in Germany. Will it be grasped here?

At such a moment to tax books and still further politicise the Press would seem the pitch of folly. Now it is that we shall need our wise men, our mind, all that we can gather together that is big and inherent of our civilisation. Now it is that we must show to the world that the true strength is mind, and that in the issue of construction and responsibility we lead, as we led at the call in 1914.

NOTICE.

The essay by Mr. George Aitken, which was a very close second in our prize competition, will be published in the September issue.

Colour in Salonica

By Louis Golding

Most of all I mourn Salonica as the Palette of the World.

The orchestra that played every amazing symphony of colour in the streets and under the shadow of the ramparts, is now fallen to silence; the preludes of pink shrilling into scarlet, the sudden tuckets from without of unpremeditated orange, the bassoon-notes of ponderous purple, all have faded into a desolation of cinders and dissipated into clouds of homeless dust.

Olympus beyond the shimmering Ægean still sets the keynote of colour, but there is no city beyond the bay to respond to his dawning splendours. Though no colour may even tint the thunderous snows of his forehead, still the dawn places garments of opal round his illimitable shoulders. Still as the morning broadens into noon, his white splendours rise against the intense and intenser blue. Then as noon slips quiveringly into dusk shadows of violet rise from the chasms of Olympus. But no shadow of violet rises from the archways, trembles from under the gables of the city beyond the bay. Still when sunset is hurrying fires to the nightly extinction of the earth, flickers of flame reach outwards from the molten core of Olympus, where the gods are gathered against the modern desecration, and await that moment of ultimate freedom when all the creeds shall be dead. But no rivulets of sunset fire lap the banks of ashen desolation in the city beyond the bay. All day in Salonica it is now night.

It is only to a makeshift harbour that the fishing-boats come in—fishing-boats which were seen literally to undergo the transformation for which Elroy Flecker watched in vain—

> "To see the mast burst open with a rose,
> And the whole deck put on its leaves again."

Sometimes the harbour was encrusted with their gemmy sails as the breast of a woman with topaz and ruby. Sometimes the seagulls settled on the water and became fishing-

boats, while the boats took wing and became seagulls. But the place of their homing is burned away now, and their colours wilt in the sun.

Perhaps it is as well! Modern Salonica was a city of corruption, a city of innuendoes, a city not of colour but of tint, of reluctant vibrations of semi-tones. The decadence of Eastern and Western Europe gathered here and found a congenial home. The cocottes sitting in the cafés, their green eyes half-opened, their carmine lips set in a patient and significant smile, had lost all the adventurousness of Paris and the rotund complacency of Vienna. The mauve and olive-green and lemon-yellow in their costumes played a vague tune in the treble, and supporting them in the bass were horizon-blue, clay-khaki, Bersaglieri-green, in the uniforms of the officers. As they sat at the little tables of the Jardins de la Tour Blanche the sea came talking in among the caïques, sucking round the prows of orange-flaming or fish-silver boats, the sea came winking innumerable eyes and saying: "We have heard it before, we have heard it before —we shall hear it again, again, again!"

Salonica at the sea's edge was a city of innuendo. Salonica under the shadow of the old walls was a city of brass-blaring assertion. In the Tour Blanche was only time-weariness, the lapping murmurs of effete senility. At the awning-shaded Turkish café outside the gate in the wall was the childishness and crudity of the Middle Age. Here under the indigo cypresses they gathered for drink and dance, scarlet-trousered Turk, pearl-kirtled Albanian, rainbow-striped Vlach. There was no sea here to temper the unmitigated blue in the sky. The flowers in the dry valleys below had been shrivelled up after one week of the sun. But in the veins of the dancers the Samos wine ran like fire; even the faithful drank raki to wash down their powdery cubes of Turkish delight. When the sun began to sway towards Olympus the be-fezzed caps of the musicians gathered together to dance over the tattoo of their barbaric drums.

The immemorial hostility of Turk and Bulgar and Greek died a death of strangulation as the dancers seized each other round the neck and tried to keep time to ten fantastic instruments shrieking aloud with no sense of cohesion. Like a shadow behind the blaze, an upright Greek priest sat under the awning, his beard flowing upon his gabardine, a torrent of ebony. Here and there among bays in the wall, undistinguishable from stones fallen three centuries ago, the

women, swathed round with trousers, sat in heaps; undistinguishable excepting that they moved in a sort of rhythm as they scratched their limbs unceasingly.

Away far in the valleys, away far towards Zeitenlik, a little moving cloud of yellow dust! The guns are moving up towards Monastir! Away far out to sea, a little moving cloud of yellow dust! The guns are coming in from Woolwich Arsenal!

The stupor of Macedonian drums fades to silence in the unheard, unescapable, immanent sound of world-guns booming.

Colour in Salonica is dead! There is neither amethyst nor pale green at Floca's nor blood-crimson under the feudal cypresses. The Great Fire has shrivelled them to dust.

And yet this spring as I walked among the ashes in a place where old stone had hidden old secrets for two thousand years, where sun had never shone into that evil street and wind had never blown, I saw a miracle, a miracle that atoned for all the colour that has vanished for ever from Salonica.

With the wind that came in from the north I saw a violet growing.

Books

BIOGRAPHY

Captain H. Ball, V.C., D.S.O., M.C. By W. A. Biscoe and H. R. Stannard. Herbert Jenkins, Ltd. 6s. net.

Ball came out of that inexhaustible reservoir, the sons of the British middle class, from which have poured hundreds, even thousands of adventurous spirits, who are content to face death every day on the off chance of "downing" a Boche flying man. These are of that type of fearless and adventurous young spirits who before the war found vent for their energies in the opening up of the Dark Continent, where they were busy at the work of setting up stations on the fringes of Empire, clearing roads through the African forests, and licking all manner of dark persons into useful and partially civilised military policemen. Their number was legion, and they died very fast, but they did not care very much about that, and those of them who did survive were usually the fittest, and not seldom grew into the most efficient of mankind.

Ball, if his kismet had spared him, might have been one of these latter. Instead of pioneering anywhere from Calabar to Caffraria, he took the chance that the world-war offered him, and, aided by his self-taught mechanical knowledge, literally worked his way up to a commission in the Royal Flying Corps, where in an almost incredibly brief period he, in the words of Major-General Trenchard, "became the most daring, skilful, and successful pilot in the R.F.C.," and won the Victoria Cross, the D.S.O., the M.C.—each with bars—and a hero's death. But he was ever a boy who looked upon the deadly grapple in cloudland as just a huge "rag." His short life—and O, what a life!—told in delightfully naive language, is a veritable human document which should be placed in the hands of every plucky, wholesome-minded lad in the Empire.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

A Novelist on Novels. By W. L. George. Collins, Sons, and Co., Ltd. 6s. net.

An entirely pleasant compilation this. Mr. George sets out to focus the coming men in fiction, finds them, criticises them, and, incidentally, criticises the public; though he omits the Irish school, and on the whole there seems little to quarrel with. The author shines with a Gallic wit and a Gallic logic, and has undoubtedly the universal sense, without which criticism must remain in curling-papers, and he now writes a good nervous English. He recognises his own progress, hence the reflexions are mature, the judgments considered, so that this volume is not only instructive but constructive. Clearly he is freeing himself from the glamour of cubist literature and the freak commercialism of the "set" that almost captured society before the war, perhaps because he recognises that after the war men will demand real values again, and that the day of the Tango is dead. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the last chapter, but this is pessimistic. It deals with the effects of capitalism on art, and here Mr. George reflects George Moore's verdict that no more great books will be written. If the future belongs to

science and the State, inevitably literature will suffer, must tend to go out; and on this note Mr. George leaves us. Meanwhile we can console ourselves.

FICTION

LITTLE MISS MUFFET. By ELIZABETH KIRBY. Duckworth. 6s.

HERE is a new author, again the new woman—something at once very young and very old. Clearly it is a confession. Obviously it records the impressions of a provincial Miss who comes to London in search of Life, and finds it rather different from the fairy stories, and by no means the turmoil of romance dreamt of in country parsonages. But this crusader is no ordinary type. She is a poetess, and has the spirituality of the artist. She is also outrageously innocent; the born lover. And this is her quest-love. The novel is interesting. It is more than that because it is essentially in the spirit of the times, that new spirit which is leading women—for the first time—to search for truth. Only men have done this hitherto. Now women have become realists. That is the real interest of this *cri de cœur*. It is essentially that. In this writer we may have another woman writer, for she shows considerable critical power coupled with a genuine poetic sense. She is likely to grow. Let us hope she will pursue her quest of life and blossom into that maturity, the promise of which lies daintily etched in the pages of Miss Muffet versus the Spider.

SOCIAL

MARRIED LOVE. By DR. MARIE STOPES. Fifield. 5s. net.

THE great revolution in woman's position and attitude is again shown in this frank physiological statement about the sex relationship of man and woman. Like all Dr. Stopes's writing, it is clear, thoughtful, penetrating, and undoubtedly is a scientific contribution towards a subject which a decade ago would have been taboo, and denounced as vicious and indecent. The author's point is the arrestation of the Englishwoman's sex gratification, its cause and the remedy; and here her analysis of the rhythm of woman's love movements has a positive value. Hitherto it has been almost impossible to obtain information owing to the traditions of secrecy imposed upon woman and the training forced upon the sex by the Church and by convention; but Dr. Marie Stopes breaks through this agelong superstition and demands that women should claim gratification in marriage precisely as men claim it. Her book opens up a wide field which cannot be discussed in a review. Our advice is for women to read it, and for men to read it, for there is here stated a real problem which is specifically English. It has arisen as the result of Puritanism and that suppression which has led to the moral subjection of women, hence to her atrophied development and to that blasting hypocrisy of attitude towards sex against which women in revolt are to-day mobilising.

WAR

IN THE FOURTH YEAR. By H. G. WELLS. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

IN a brave little tome, Mr. Wells states the case for the League of Nations, which all men who are capable of constructive thinking should

read. It is a popular exposition and avoids technicalities, the author's object rightly being the idea. Here he is under no delusions. He realises that the idea presupposes a new ethic of the State and a new statement of nationality, and so he lays down the law that to succeed, the League of Nations must supersede Empire. This is the root problem, and really little else, for once mankind had moved forward to that new plane of thought the construction would follow by process of evolution. But this is also the great difficulty. We ourselves are Imperialists—since the days of Rhodes this has been our creed, and it led us into the Boer War, into China, and started the European hunt for Colonies and raw materials. All this Mr. Wells sees. But he omits an inherent feature of it—finance. He says nothing about the real nature of modern Imperialism, which is essentially capitalistic. And the omission is serious because it lies at the root of the whole question, whether of militarism or policy. Perhaps the greatest problem of the war is South Africa. It is so difficult because of finance, of the raw products, of the gold, etc.; it is only camouflage when we refer to it as a native problem. Mr. Wells subscribes to the Labour solution of Africa—internationalism. Now that signifies the reversal of the Imperialism of Rhodes and Kipling, or Beit and Wernher, and that is the crux and crown of the issue. This is a helpful and a clear-thinking book. The author does not fear facing facts and drawing logical conclusions. Thus he emphatically warns us that our retention of Gibraltar is an anachronism and a moral offence, and most justly he warns us of the danger of militarising the Black. We cannot too strongly recommend this work. We should like it issued in a sixpenny edition.

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